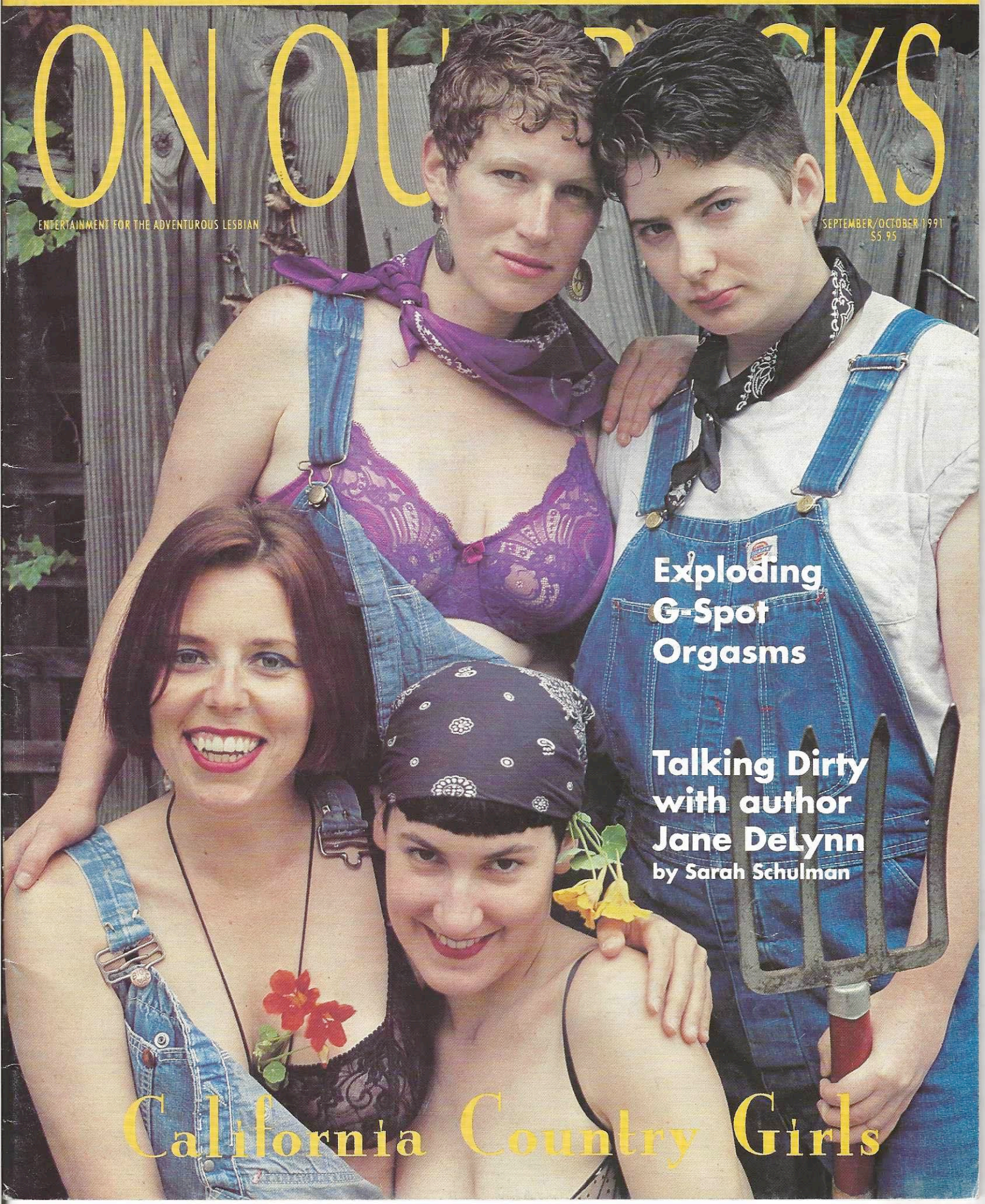
Pat Califia on Getting Girls to Give it Up

ON OUR BACKS

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE ADVENTUROUS LESBIAN

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1991
$5.95

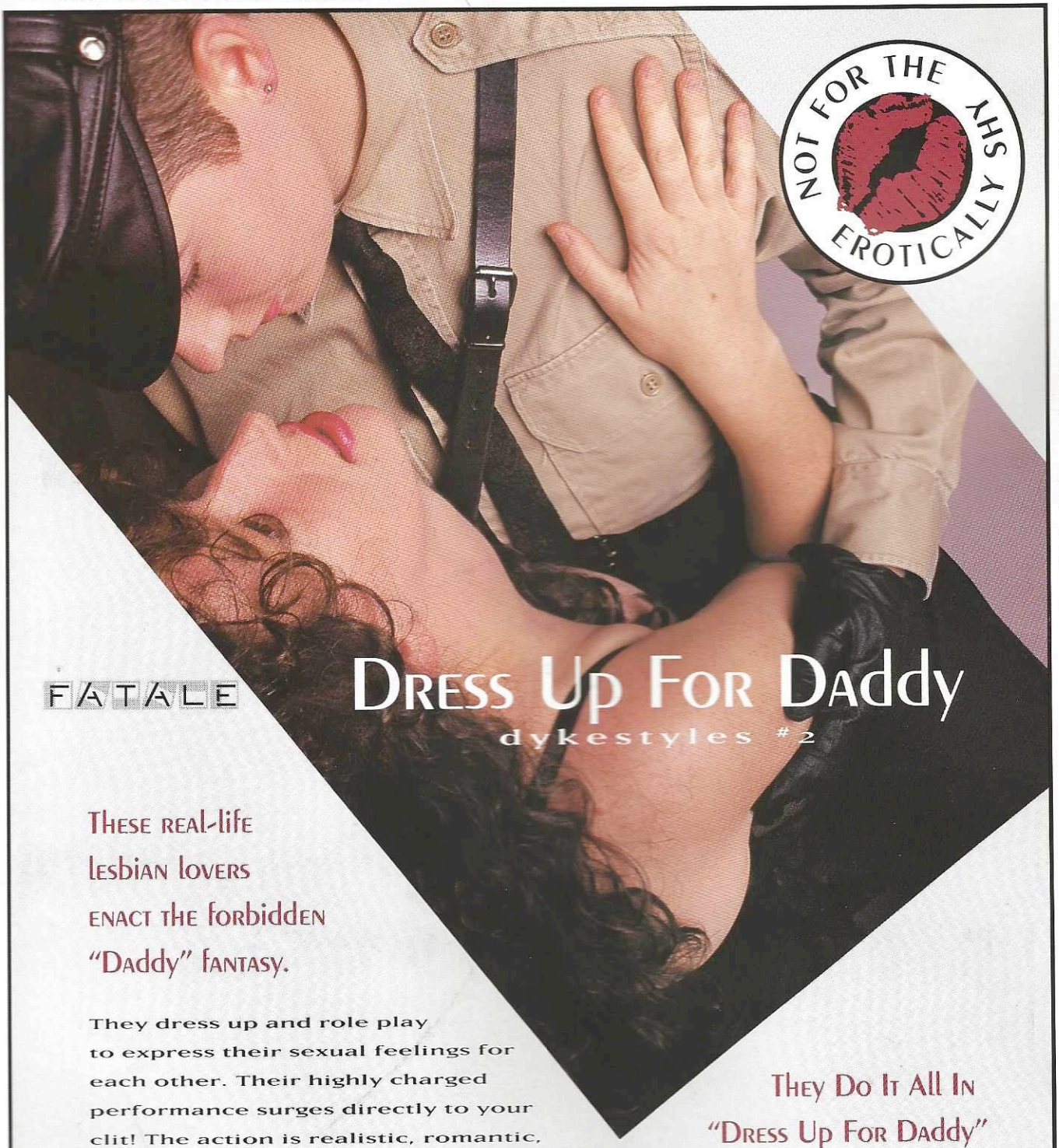


Exploding G-Spot Orgasms

Talking Dirty with author Jane DeLynn
by Sarah Schulman

California Country Girls

AMATEUR LESBIAN VIDEO AMATEUR LESBIAN VIDEO



FATALE

DRESS UP FOR DADDY

dykestyles #2

THESE REAL-LIFE LESBIAN LOVERS ENACT THE FORBIDDEN "DADDY" FANTASY.

They dress up and role play to express their sexual feelings for each other. Their highly charged performance surges directly to your clit! The action is realistic, romantic, and bursting with sexual energy.

This video captures two truly gifted sexual beings enjoying what comes so naturally to them. Their luscious sensuality will leave you dripping!

THEY DO IT ALL IN "DRESS UP FOR DADDY"

FATALE VIDEO

526 Castro Street
San Francisco, CA 94114
To Order: 800.845.4617

AMATEUR LESBIAN VIDEO AMATEUR LESBIAN VIDEO

TOTALLY LESBIAN VIDEOS!

FATALE

Dear Friend:

Fatale Video started lesbian erotic videos because we wanted rarely-seen lesbian sexual images celebrated and visible. Our goal is to convey real-life lesbian sex which lesbians can appreciate and relate to. Lesbians are on the vanguard of sexual expression, and *Fatale* gives voice to the many types, characters, fantasies, and sex techniques that make up the vast range of lesbian love.

Clits Up! Nan Debi

Premier Collection 5 for $125

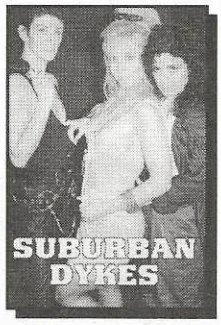
or $34.95 ea.

SHADOWS Terri and Caerage appear again as a lesbian couple who let us in on their leather scene. After a motorcycle ride, femme Caerage leads butch Terri down to a basement resplendent in restraining paraphernalia. Hours of sucking, fucking, whipping, riding, and performing end in a blow out orgasm in a sling.

PRIVATE PLEASURES Few couples are as knock-out, drop-dead gorgeous as handsome, brunette Terri and blonde, femme bombshell Caerage. Even fewer couples know each other so completely, desire each other so thoroughly and are so sexually comfortable. In a ritzy penthouse apartment they dress up for each other's pleasure, then pop the champagne, lick off the whip cream and end up down on the floor in a fucking scene that will astonish you.

CLIPS Greta stars in the first of three vignettes in a computer-enhanced version of self-love indulgence. The second vignette features safe sex play and bondage with scarves between a free-spirited couple. In the last vignette, Fanny Fatale gets the attention of her Wall Street reading yuppie butch spouse, played by Kenni Mann, when she masturbates in front of the TV to a screaming G-spot ejaculation. Kenni finally puts her beer down and lets her dyke-cock out for a wild rise.

HUNGRY HEARTS Pepper and Reeva star as a newly-in-love couple who escape to an ocean beach retreat for a weekend of blissful sex and love. Reeva, a voluptuous blonde goddess, seduces her sensual Latina lover with a sultry erotic dance. Pepper, overcome with deep love and desire, orchestrates a beautiful and unusual bondage scene in the Japanese hot tub. A day of ardent loving culminates in a passionate scene by the fireplace. Reeva straps on her dildo and harness and gives Pepper a taste of her own fire.



SUBURBAN DYKES Pepper and Nina Hartley star as a suburban couple who discover the fun of using sexual services and add some playfulness to their sex life. First they call a phone sex service and masturbate to a scintillating fantasy by Mistress Marlayna and learn something new about each other's desire. Pleased and excited with the success from that adventure, they hire a butch from a lesbian escort service. Enter Sharon Mitchell who will make dyke hearts palpitate as she takes control of satisfying both women in a raw threesome orgy.

Lesbian Striptease 2 for $40

or $24.95 ea.

BurLEZk Live and **BurLEZk Live 2** The first and longest running women-only striptease show in the country! Every week for three years at a lesbian bar in San Francisco, over 100 erotic performance artists danced into the hearts and clits of more than 20,000 women. These two videos feature live footage from this historical and memorable event. Black Kokomotion rips up the stage, Ramona rocks and rolls, and classy Tiger performs traditional burlesque while campy Stella sings to her dildo and Fanny Fatale does a safe sex dance. Pepper and Reeva from *Hungry Hearrts* do their love act and Shelly Mars performs as Martin, an act which landed her a part in the German cult classic, *The Virgin Machine*. 12 dancers in all.

Lesbian Amateur Videos $29.95 ea.

Fatale started an amateur line called Dykestyles, because so many real life lesbian couples wanted to enact their private sexual fantasies and activities on camera for other dykes to watch and enjoy.

DRESS UP FOR DADDY These real-life lesbian lovers enact the forbidden "Daddy" fantasy. They use dress up and role play to express their sexual feelings for each other. The action is realistic, romantic, and bursting with sexual energy. This video captures two truly gifted sexual beings enjoying what comes so naturally to them. Their luscious sensuality will leave you dripping.

BATHROOM SLUTS features a group of five lesbians who engage in group sex, bondage, shaving, various forms of penetration and a rare glimpse of a dominant butch getting off without giving up her control. They play hard and safe.In an interview at the end, the women discuss their motives and feelings about doing the video.

Order Toll Free 1-800-845-4617

Mail to: **FATALE VIDEO**
526 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114

Order Toll Free 1-800-845-4617 Visa and MasterCard accepted.
Add $2.00 plus $1.00 per tape Postage & Handling. (You must pay shipping for your order to be processed.) CA residents add 8.25% sales tax.
Enclose Check or Money Order—Specify Offer and Titles when ordering.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____
(I am over 21 years old)

FATALE

Make Love to a Goddess Tonight!

...and the Goddess is you! Let her know you care. Treat her to a **Magic Wand** by Hitachi. She'll discover it can banish the blues, a headache, or a heartache. It's the vibrator that will carry her to heaven on the wings of angels. Solo, or with a co-pilot. So, if you're ready to soar, and experience the magic touch, send us an order today. We guarantee satisfaction or your money back!

Illustration by Betty Dodson from her book, SEX FOR ONE.

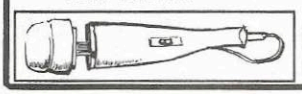
- ❑ Yes, I'm ready to fly. Send me the Magic Wand for **$39.95.**
- ❑ Yes, send me Betty's book SEX FOR ONE for **$17.95.**
- ❑ Yes, Yes, send me BOTH the Magic Wand and the book for only **$55.00**, a savings of $3.00.
- ❑ Send me your catalog of pleasurable things for **$2.00**. (free with order).

Please add $4.50 shipping & handling. NYS residents add sales tax.

Sex for One
THE JOY OF SELFLOVING
Betty Dodson

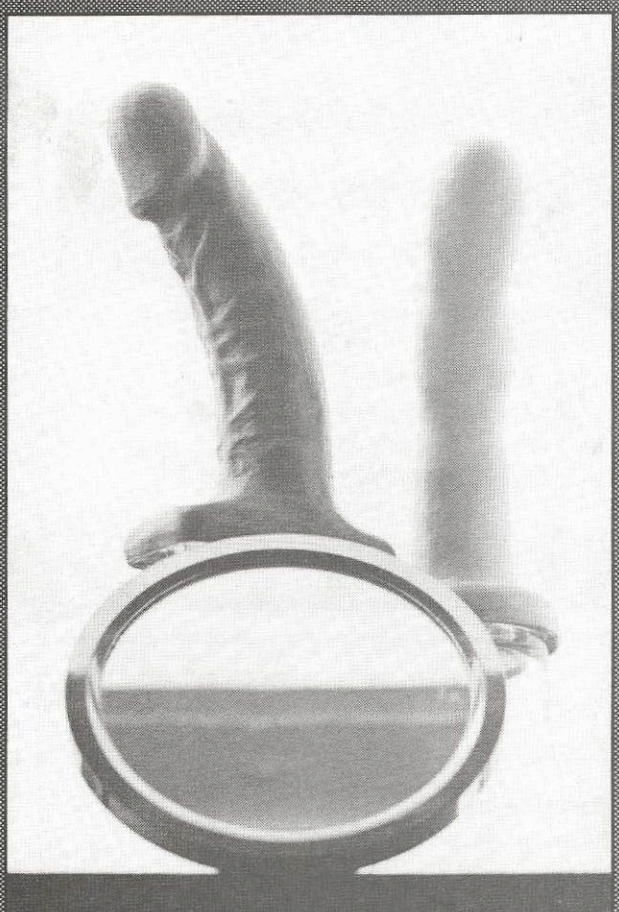
The book that celebrates the joy of self-love, and techniques to help you release your Goddess within!

eve's garden
We grow pleasurable things for women.



Send orders to EVE'S GARDEN, 119 W. 57th St., N.Y., N.Y 10019 or charge orders call **1-800-848-3837** between 11:00 a.m.– 6:30 p.m. EST Mon.–Sat.

sabi: elegant simplicity, striving for something closer to nature than nature itself



US STORES

Come Again
353 East 53th Street
New York, NY 10022
212 308-9394

Eve's Garden
119 West 57th Street,
Suite 420
New York, NY 10019
212 757-8651

Good Vibrations
1210 Valencia Street
San Francisco, CA 94110
415 550-7399

In Harmony
5939 Guadalupe Trail NW
Albuquerque, NM 87187
505 345-5639

Loveseason
4001 198th St. SW, #7
Lynnwood, WA 98036
206 775-4502

Majik Moments
PO Box 66081
Washington, DC 20035
202 543-1274

Voyages
Pleasure Parties
Paulette Jacobson
Sacramento, CA
916 441-5514

JUPITER I & II
ADAM I & II
by SCORPIO

ON OUR BACKS

526 Castro • San Francisco, CA 94114
(415) 861-4723

EDITOR & PUBLISHER	Debi Sundahl
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER	Nan Kinney
MANAGING EDITOR	Lisa Palac
FICTION EDITOR	Marcy Sheiner
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT	Shar Rednour
ART DIRECTOR	Robin Simmons
PHOTO EDITOR	Phyllis Christopher
PASTE-UP	Tim Hixon
CIRCULATION MANAGER	Mitchelle Tanner
CIRCULATION ASSISTANT	Amy Epstein
ACCOUNTS MANAGER	Jerry McHugh
ADVERTISING	Linda Benmour

ON OUR BACKS (ISSN 08902224) is published bi-monthly by Blush Entertainment Corp., 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114. Subscriptions are $34.95/yr USA; $42.95/yr Canada (first-class only); $59.95/yr outside USA (airmail only). Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, CA. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ON OUR BACKS, 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114.

ADVERTISING: Rate sheet and production assistance available on request. For assistance call: (415) 861-4723.

RETAIL OUTLETS: Terms are 25% discount, freight pre-paid, return of mastheads of unsold copies for credit. Minimum order ten copies. Send order to: 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114.

SUBMISSIONS: Photographers' and writers' guidelines available upon request with SASE. We are not responsible for unsolicited materials sent without SASE. Allow 6–8 weeks for response.

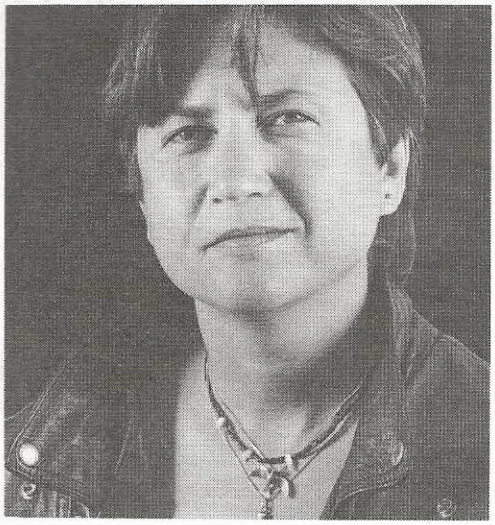
Any similarity between characters appearing in ON OUR BACKS and real persons is coincidental. The representation or appearance of any person in ON OUR BACKS is not to be taken as representative of her sexual preference.

Copyright © 1991 by Blush Entertainment Corp. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without prior written permission from the publisher.

Printed in USA by Alonzo Printing and Golden Dragon Printing.

INSIDE ON OUR BACKS

Vol.8 No.1 September/October 1991



Interview with Jane DeLynn, Page 20

"Permission"—A Portrait of Catherine Harrison, Page 32

cover Country girls Kali & Max and Leda & Steph. Photographed by Bonnie Daley More photos, page 23.

columns

5 **LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

9 **ASK FANNY . . .** Fanny Fatale
Breathing Your Way to Orgasm

10 **CLIT CULTURE . . .** Pat Califia
Just Say Yes!

12 **SEXTRACTS . . .** Greta Christina
Lesbian News From All Over

15 **SEXPOINT . . .** Kimberlayne Poubelle
Stars in Her Thighs

36 **REVIEWS**

features and fiction

20 **THE *ON OUR BACKS* INTERVIEW: JANE DeLYNN . . .** Sarah Schulman with Lisa Palac

28 **FALL FOLIAGE . . .** Jackie Manthorne
A Bittersweet Change of Season

30 **THE OPERA LOVERS . . .** Anna Conchita Senos
"Her caress moved over my thigh like music..."

pictures

16 **NAKED WOMEN IN PUBLIC PLACES . . .** Tracy Mostovoy
Taking Back Our Civil Liberties

23 **CALIFORNIA COUNTRY GIRLS . . .** Bonnie Daley
Goin' Down on the Farm

32 **PERMISSION . . .** Mitchelle Tanner
A Portrait of Catherine Harrison

4 **CONTRIBUTORS**

47 **THE SAPPHONE—VOICE MAIL PERSONALS**

Sex Toys

How to order them without embarrassment.

How to use them without disappointment.

Today, people are interested in improving the quality of their lives...and exploring their own sensuality with options from the **Xandria Collection.** Sexual devices can provide a new and entirely positive source of pleasure.

The most important aspect of satisfaction is trust. Trust us...thoughtful consideration goes into each product in the catalogue. Quality, value, and sensual appeal are all important elements, as are you, the customer.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sensual devices. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasure.

The Xandria Collection has a unique three-way guarantee.

First, we guarantee your privacy.

Everything we ship is plainly packaged and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential, and we never sell, give or trade any customer's name.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction.

If a product seems unsatisfactory...simply return it for replacement or refund.

Third, we guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure....

Should it malfunction, simply return it to us for a replacement.

The Xandria Gold Collection...a tribute to closeness and communication. Celebrate the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us. If you're prepared to intensify your own pleasure, then send for the **Xandria Collection Gold Edition Catalogue.** It is priced at just four dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. OB0991
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection Gold Edition catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. ($4 U.S., $5 CAN., £3 U.K.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

_____

(signature required)

Xandria, 874 Dubuque Ave., South San Francisco 94080. Void where prohibited by law.

CONTRIBUTORS

Pat Califia

Pat Califia is a prolific and promiscuous author whose fiction, nonfiction, and poetry about lesbian sex, censorship, prostitution, AIDS, fistfucking, gender, nonmonogamy, and quilting has appeared in print whenever she can find a publisher who is not a butt-boy of the anti-porn movement.

Kimberlayne Poubelle has been known to work at an Ivy League university and speak French. This is her first piece for *On Our Backs* and she would like to thank Anna and Christi for their support.

Jackie Manthorne's work has been published in *Common Lives/Lesbian Lives, Rites, Diversity,* and *Lesbian Bedtime Stories Two.* Her collection of short stories, tentatively titled *Mating Rituals,* will be published in 1992.

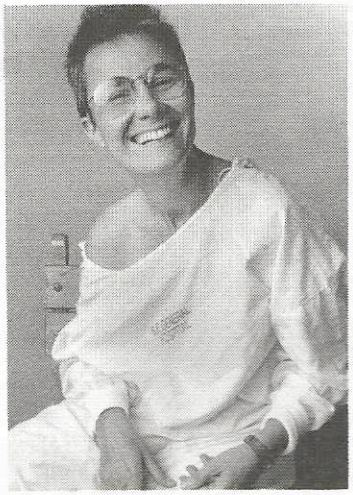
Photographer **Michelle Pattee** shoots mostly fashion, portraiture, and the occasional wedding. "I take almost any assignment offered," says Michelle, "because I learn from everything and that is the key, never stop learning."

Sarah Schulman is the author of *People in Trouble, After Delores,* and *The Sophie Horowitz Story.* Her next novel, *Empathy,* will be published by E.P. Dutton in 1992.

Having grown up middle-class in a preppy, WASP town in New England, **Bonnie Daley** was fortunate to land in San Francisco seven years ago. While pursuing photojournalism and portrait photography, shooting for *On Our Backs* has been a huge erotic and artistic relief!

Catherine Harrison was a panelist at the 1991 Out/Write conference in San Francisco for the workshop titled, "Being a Sexual Minority within a Minority." She also appeared with her lover Kate Bornstein on *The Phil Donahue Show,* discussing the topic of transsexuals and their partners.

Writer **Kate Bornstein** is a multi-talented lesbian transsexual whose latest play, *Hidden: A Gender* packed the house in San Francisco.



Kris Kovick vacations at Bellevue.

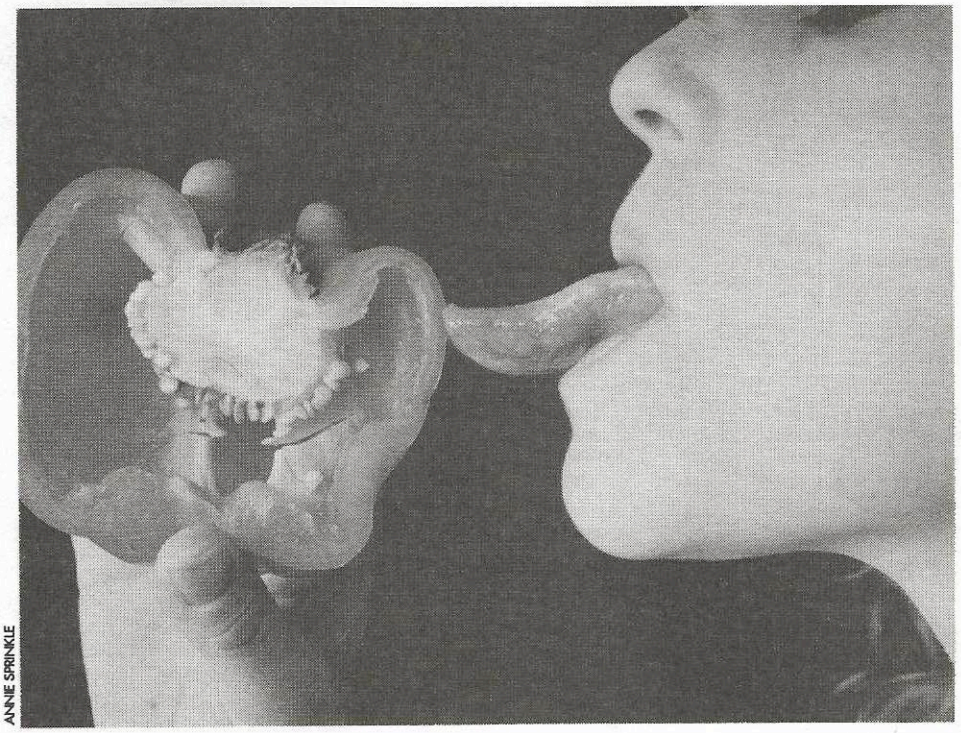
Mitchelle Tanner loves sex in semi-public places, the musky smell of leather mixed with sex, the thrill of bondage, the edge of fear and desire, and long, passionate kisses with her sweet P.

Leda loves life, looking luscious, laughing, and licking lesbos to LaLa land.

Kali does hair. **Max** does Kali.

Greta Christina says, "Bye girls, it's been nice writin' for y'all."

In September **Kris Kovick** is going on the Lavender Tortoise Freedom Ride from San Francisco to New York, with a busload of drag queens. She'll be stopping at Helm's and Dannemeyer's house, among other sites of hysterical interest.



ANNIE SPRINKLE

DOUBLE THE FUN . . . . . .

I loved Simone and Madeleine, the cover models for the May/June 1991 issue. What a duo. Can't say which I like better. Maybe they'd let me jump in the middle?

Y. Stone
Spokane, WA

THAI ME UP . . . . . .

I don't suppose you've ever thought about it before, but the distribution of *On Our Backs* gets a go-around here in Thailand. There are some of us gals here who live in hard-to-get-to places and do not have the convenience of the around-the-corner women's bookstore. As a result, my copy of the magazine gets mailed around Thailand to other horny women. Needless to say, when the magazine is finally returned to me, I find that the once sleek cover and pristine pages are dampened with sweat! Once I went to collect my mail and there was *On Our Backs* with its brown envelope slit wide open. To this day I'm trying to figure out which lovely secretary accidentally on purpose leapt through the pages.

There is a sizeable lesbian community in Thailand, and in Bangkok a new lesbian center just opened. If any dykes stateside decide to hop over, I know they won't be disappointed.

Suki
Bangkok, Thailand

MY DADDY, MYSELF . . . . . .

I really REALLY enjoyed Ann Wertheim's "Daddy's Little Girl" (May/June 1991). It got me off in a big way! However, I was unable to read it until I'd read Marcy Sheiner's *Sexpoint* article "The Daddy Closet," about the issues and decision-making process involved in printing the story.

Including an article like Sheiner's was useful for me—we all know the difference between fantasy and reality, but hearing someone say it is bolstering. It took me quite awhile before I could deal with a lot of my masochistic and other kinky desires and fantasies. Combining a hot story with an intelligent article was a great way for me to enjoy pleasure without anxiety.

Susan Wachsler
Somerville, MA

I really appreciated Marcy Sheiner's essay on Daddy fantasies, especially as an accompaniment to the story "Daddy's Little Girl." I have always been fascinated by my sexual fantasies, not only as a way of getting off, but also as a revelation of my deepest feelings. *On Our Backs,* as one of the few (only?) intelligent sex magazines around, can provide a useful service by offering more of this in-depth analysis.

Paige Matthews
Pleasanton, CA

DANCING IN THE DARKROOM . . . .

My lover is a photographer and because she's always the one behind the camera, I usually end up being the model. Well, things took a turn after I read "The Making of a Cuntograph" by Jenny Wrenn. Even I, a technical imbecile, could follow the directions and make a "pussy print." I decided to

(continued on page 7)

SUBSCRIBE

ORDER BY PHONE
1-800-845-4617
VISA & MASTERCARD ACCEPTED

- ❑ **1 YR Sub, $34.95 (U.S.)**
- ❑ **1 YR Sub, $42.95 (Canada, Airmail)**
- ❑ **1 YR Sub, $59.95 (International, Airmail)**
- ❑ I already have a sub, please extend.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip ____

Signature X _____

CHARGE IT!

❑ VISA ❑ MC Exp. Date _____

Card # _____

Signature _____

❑ Check/Money Order Enclosed Mailed Discreetly. Sorry, No Refunds.

MAIL TO: ON OUR BACKS, SO'91 • 526 CASTRO STREET • SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114

We're 7. Want Presents! Send Money!

Come party with us! Celebrate seven years of all-out lesbian sex revelry. Each issue contains unrivaled quality fiction, eyeball-popping pictorials and probing features on every aspect of lesbian sexuality. Join our festive sex spree!

(We'll let you open our brightly wrapped boxes and spank us seven times, if you're nice.)

make a whole evening out of it—dinner, champagne, flowers. Then I led her into the darkroom—what a switch!—and told her to drop her drawers and spread her legs.

Not only was the evening a sexcess, but I taught her a new photo technique. Wait until the NEA hears about this!

Marsha Houghton
Philadelphia, PA

LIBIDO KILLERS . . . . . .

What's with you people from California slapping some cream on your cunt and calling it art? I believe in lesbian art but give me a break. Just when I think I can pull *On Our Backs* out from under the seat cushion and have a good orgasm, I am confronted with that hairy mess that illustrated "The Making of a Cuntograph" (July/August 1991). How appetizing! Who could get off on a blob like that? I think it was supposed to be a cunt, but it looked like the Exxon Valdez took a dump.

And as for Kris Kovick, the cartoonist for *Sextracts,* can she ever draw something without a dildo in it? Practically every page in your magazine features a phallic symbol. All this talk about packing it and strapping it on, and sucking it. Whatever happened to old-fashioned cunnilingus?

Carrie Gold
Martinsville, IN

I WANT ELVIS TO BE MY LOVE SLAVE! . . .

Yee-haw! Three yahoos for the drag king Herselvis! Just when I thought Elvis had been sighted in every fried chicken joint this side of Graceland, he (she?) turns up on the cover of the hottest lesbozine tearing the dress off his precious Priscilla. The centerfold of Ms. Elvis (July/August 1991) is goin' up on my bedroom wall, right next to the original velvet Elvis painting I bought in Vegas. And the tiny picture of Elvis doin' his ducktail in the mirror while his lady looks on, is going in the little brass frame on my bedstand right next to my '68 Elvis decanter.

I'm a die-hard Elvis fan, been to Graceland more times than you can say knee-high to a grasshopper, and even come close to winning a few Elvis-look-a-like contests myself but I never saw another dyke shake her pelvis like Elvis. How's about me and Elvis Herselvis doin' a little duet of "Burnin' Love?" I got a hunk for her!

Maveline May
Nashville, TN

SAFE SEX RAP . . . . . .

Risa Denenberg's article *A Decade of Denial: Lesbians and HIV* (July/August 1991) was very thorough and informative. I must confess, however, that I still feel a great deal of confusion, not to mention a stubborn resistance to damming the flow of pussy juice with a square of latex. I am still not convinced that the risk of HIV transmission from woman-to-woman warrants a fearful attitude towards sex, but this article may have chipped away at my bravado. I've been told more than once that my nonchalance is a bad case of denial, and deadly too.

Obviously what is needed is much more honest communication and dialogue, which I feel this article contributed to. But what I would really like is to hear from other readers on this subject. What are you doing out there? Everyone talks safe sex, but is everyone practicing it? Let's get a dialogue going right here in our own public forum.

Marlayna Dawson
Woodstock, NY

"I still feel a great deal of confusion, not to mention a stubborn resistance to damming the flow of pussy juice with a square of latex."

SWINGING IN THE SHOWER . . . . .

When I first started reading Anna Conchita Senos' story "The Shower," I wasn't sure I'd like it. But the author created the perfect fantasy fuck-me-babe doll when she created Olga. The things she made her do! And so believably. Mmmm... This perfect Barbie made me take my dildo out of my cunt and put it into my harness, where I could stroke it. I wanted to fuck her so bad!

How wonderful to find this completely exploited blow-up doll in your magazine. You girls are really out there...but how come the butches didn't come in either of the stories in the July/August issue? Cum now, this is lesbian libido 1991. We know better these days, don't we? I'd have no problem coming while I made her lick my clit, suck my cock, and finger me!

Keep up the unparalleled good work.

Dottie Lucifer
St. Paul, MN

Letters should be sent to Letters Editor, On Our Backs, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114. Every letter must be accompanied by the sender's name and address and should be printed or typed. Letters may be shortened or edited for clarity.

95¢ min

The Romance Connection

1-900-844-2002

95¢ min

Safe Sex Headquarters

1-900-844-6922

Record your personal message free: 415-291-0310

INHALE ECSTASY

Dear Fanny: Something unusual happened lately when I started to climax. Just as I was going over the edge into orgasm, I took a deep breath. My orgasm became longer and my body more tingly. The "swept away" sensation I experienced in my orgasm was so pleasurable. Now I find myself unconsciously taking this breath every time I cum, and I can get in two, sometimes three deep breaths before my orgasm is over. What is this about and is there more I can do to develop this technique?

Anna, Who Loves Sex With Her Honey

Dear Who Loves Sex: You simply stumbled upon a deep breathing technique that definitely does affect the length and quality of our orgasms.

Many cultures throughout history have used deep breathing to control emotional responses, stimulate sexual intimacy and achieve higher consciousness. For those involved in the mind/body disciplines, the practice of breathing is an essential key to health and healing. In Yoga, the power of breath (prana) to regulate the physical functions of the body and its centrality in meditation is well-documented. In the yogic and Chinese Taoist traditions, *Kundalini* is dormant sexual energy. This mostly untapped, powerful force, described as a coiled snake resting at the base of the spine, is awakened and caused to flow upward through the spine with deep breathing. Another discipline, Tantric, has built an entire spirituality around deep breathing and sex. Their "ecstasy breathing" is one of many breathing methods used to increase arousal.

Deep breathing moves energy in the body and this goes for sexual energy as well. Many people hold their breath and tense up when building to orgasm, which skips a few steps, but gets you there quicker. Deep breathing, on the other hand, creates a slower build and accounts for that languid, "swept away," full-body sensation you described. Basically, you are taking those aroused feelings concentrated in your genitals and spreading them throughout your body.

To practice using breath to enhance your orgasm, begin by focusing on your breath's ability to move feeling around your body. For example, try this simple exercise. Lie flat, and focus on your pussy. As you inhale slowly, bring any pleasant feelings up through your stomach and chest. Exhale and push this energy back down into your pussy. Notice the tingly sensation and how your awareness of your pussy is heightened with each successive breath.

There are some great Tantric names for breathing, like the Breath of Fire, reported to help keep you on the pre-climax edge. The Rebirthing Breath is an intense breath used for dealing with past pain and is ideal for heightening "ecstasy" energy. A highly recommended, non-sectarian book on breathing fundamentals helpful to both novices and old hands is *Breathing: Expanding Your Power and Energy* by Michael Sky.

You don't have to be into New Age, Buddhism, or on a spiritual journey to enjoy the benefits of enhancing your orgasm with breath. After all, you can relish a spanking now and then, without diving full bore into the S/M lifestyle. Of course, it is possible to really get into it Tantric style, and simply breathe to orgasm, *sans* partner or toys.

Deep breathing can be an alternative to vibrators and/or fantasies and worth the effort to experiment. For further study on breathing techniques, hunt down your local New Age bookstore. Many Tantric or Jawala New Age instructors will teach ecstasy (orgasmic) breathing; though, as with all things sexual, not all will or know how, so inquire.

. . . "SURPRISE! IT'S CALLED FEMALE EJACULATION!"

SECRET GUSHERS

Dear Fanny: I started squirting all over when I cum. The first time it happened, I was getting it from behind with a dildo. After a long build up, I came so hard I pushed the dildo right out, and then squirted all over the floor (it was hardwood, at least). At first we thought it was pee and didn't think anymore about it. But I kept coming like that, and eventually we noticed it didn't smell like pee. We've had our noses in it all the time now, and it never smells like pee. What in the world is it?

Wet in Texas

Dear Wet Tex: Surprise! It's called female ejaculation! It's also called Beyond Lies, Secrets and Silence. Isn't it just a mind-bender that women are physically capable of ejaculating and NOBODY KNEW IT? Well, they didn't think we could swim on our periods, either. Or do mathematics.

In the book, *A New View of a Woman's Body*, editor Suzanne Gage redefines our clitoris. The little bud on the outside of our bodies we know as the clitoris is really just the tip of the iceberg. The majority of the clitoris is inside our body, and is made up of spongy tissue which surrounds a portion of the urethra.

(continued on page 37)

JUST SAY YES!

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

It's sad but true. Girls (even when they prefer to be called "wimmin") usually say no. It doesn't matter what you ask her. The proposal can be as tentative as, "Do you want to dance?" or "Can I give you my phone number?" Chances are better than 50-50 she's going to turn her nose up in the air and say, "I'm here with somebody else" or "I'm looking for a *serious* relationship."

Your proposal can be more specific—"Would you like to go lingerie shopping?" or "Do you have any Probe?" She's always going to have a good reason ("We can't afford it" or "It's slimy and unnatural"). But she's going to leave you holding your credit card, heart, or hard clit in your hand. If you're going to get even more outrageous than that ("Come watch this X-rated video with me" or "Decide which end of this riding crop you want to be on"), of course you've increased the odds of being rejected.

She reaches for your zipper. Do you let her?

Depending on her politics, she'll either tell you to quit fooling around and wash the dishes or lecture you (as if you didn't know) about violence against women. Whether she's a stranger or your lover, a great dancer or someone who's glued to her chair, a green-haired punkette in a leather jacket or a business woman in a silk suit, the end result is still the same — wasted imagination, hurt feelings, and more dykes sleeping on smooth, dry sheets.

Growing up female is confusing. We're raised to be fragile flowers of femininity who are also expected to do most of the dirty, exhausting drudge work that men find too boring and demanding to bother with. We're supposed to be smart, but we're not supposed to be independent or rebellious. We're supposed to be sexy, but we aren't supposed to actually have sex. Just about the only power we have is the power to say no, to turn sex into a bargaining chip that can be traded for financial security, physical safety, and social acceptance. It's a bad deal, first of all because it doesn't work. The nicest girl can find herself abandoned, barefoot, pregnant, and battered. It's also a rotten strategy for getting sexual pleasure.

Yeah? So? Of course straight girls are cock-teases. But lesbians don't have to take responsibility for controlling male sexual excesses. We don't have to worry about getting some guy to pay the rent or buy the groceries. We don't have to keep our faces scrubbed and our knees together so Daddy won't clobber us. Dykes are different.

Uh-huh, sure they are. That's why you *never* have to go home and do yourself when you'd rather be eating pussy or getting fucked from behind. That's why you have a head full of fantasies that you don't even want to look at too closely because there's very little chance of actually doing them. That's why you read the sex ads in this magazine, but you don't place one. Unless you are unusually lucky, gutsy, and defiant, I'll bet you anything that not only are you starved for some decent nookie, you don't put out yourself as much as you could and should. When was the last time you said yes instead of no? How come?

Maybe because the cost is just too high. The sad truth is that the lesbian community doesn't treat the sexually adventurous dyke a whole lot better than your high school Home Economics class treated the town slut. Let me give you some examples.

You're at your favorite bar, and a woman comes in wearing an evening dress, high heels, and red lipstick. Maybe she's carrying one of those cute little beaded bags that barely have room for a dental dam. Do you ask her to play pinball? Or do you think, "What the hell is this straight bitch doing in *my* bar?"

Your girlfriend wants to go for a drive late at night. You cruise through the park. For a miracle, there's a quiet place to park that isn't full of straight boys tossing empty beer cans out of their car windows calling each other "faggot." She reaches for your zipper. Do you let her, or do you resist because somebody might come along and notice that the car windows are fogged up?

You go out dancing with your bad-boy, flirty friends. You guys have the cutest haircuts and the newest moves in the place. So you start kissing on the dance floor. You finally get a chance to see what some of your best buddies' hard little asses feel like in those tight pants. The bar closes. You all came in one car. On the way home, nobody really wants to stop being rowdy. Somebody laughingly suggests you all stop at her place, light a fire, and take your clothes off.

PAT CALIFIA

Are you tough enough to get off what you've been getting up all night long, or do you have to get up early and go to work the next day?

She's going to come any minute now. Your heart is beating really fast, you feel sweaty and loose and really fine. The sex is great, but you've got a dirty mind and you're telling yourself a little story, just to get yourself even more excited. Then she opens her eyes, looks straight at you, and says, "What are you thinking about right now?" Are you going to tell her the truth and give her a chance to make your titillating dreams come true, or are you going to lie and make sure the two of you never get any closer or any higher than you are right now?

There's a woman in town that everybody talks about. She wears boots, a leather vest, and has keys on her belt and a colored hanky in her back pocket. Everybody says she's dangerous. She didn't exactly get thrown out of the lesbian AA group, but the sisters joined ranks and made sure she had to go elsewhere if she wanted any support for staying sober. You run into her in the science fiction section of the Rising Moon bookstore, and she tries to start a conversation with you about Pat Cadigan's new book. Do you chat about cyberpunk with her, or do you snub her? The sales clerk is watching and she's the biggest gossip in town.

You're butch. You like girls with long hair and short dresses. They like you too. It's not hard for you to get them home and do them till they want to get married. It's so easy that you don't bother to take off your clothes. Then you run into one who likes to talk as much as she likes to screw. She makes you laugh. You make a second date with her, and she picks up the check for dinner. Then she leans over and offers to cut off her fingernails for you, at least on one hand. Are you going to let her mess your hair and your image, or is it easier to stay smug and distant?

It doesn't have to be this way. Sometimes we get so caught up in lesbian politics, norms, and culture that we forget how small our world is and how powerful an individual woman can be who wants to change things. We don't have to put up with women's bookstores that won't sell our videos and fiction. We don't have to sit passively and listen when our friends pass on vicious gossip about a "lesbian pervert" who lives next door. We don't have to placate the tyrants in our community who get their kicks making sure other women's sex lives are narrow and repressed. We

(continued on page 45)

THE
CLIT
CLUB/NYC

FRI: 8-4am
432 West 14th St. at Washington St.

SAT: 10-4am
101 Ave. A bet. 6th & 7th Streets

THE SEXUALITY LIBRARY · GOOD VIBRATIONS

Good Vibrations: A catalog of vibrators and other sex toys that's friendly, feminist and fun. We have the biggest selection of silicone dildos, plus harnesses, lubes, massage oils and more.

The Sexuality Library: A catalog of over 250 books and videos about sex, from enlightening advice to electrifying erotica. Our videos (including lesbian-made erotica) are chosen and reviewed by *On Our Backs'* Susie Bright.

Catalogs cost $2 each, $3 for both.

Woman-owned and operated for 14 years.

Open Enterprises
1210 Valencia St. #OO
San Francisco, CA 94110

When in San Francisco, come visit our store!

THE CRYPT

San Diego, Seattle & Denver

- **The Finest in Leather**
- **Toys & Erotica**
- **Magazines**
- **Lubricants & Lotions**

If you have the imagination . . . The Crypt has the accessories!

VISA® MasterCard

The Crypt on Washington
1515 Washington Street
San Diego, CA 92103
(619) 692-9499

The Crypt
1310 E. Union
Seattle, WA 98122
(206) 325-3882

The Crypt
131 Broadway
Denver, CO 80203
(303) 733-3112

Put Your Money Where Your Sex Is

Do you ever feel like everybody talks about **censorship** but nobody does anything about it? Does it seem like the pod people are surrounding the house and breaking down the door while we shake our heads and cluck about how terrible it all is? Well, take heart ladies. A serious champion of Truth, Justice, and the First Ammendment has raised its banner—right from the heart of the porn industry.

After a number of private organizational meetings, the **Free Speech Legal Defense Fund** opened its doors to the public. The group was originally conceived of as a financial resource for political prisoners of the sex police (also known as defendents in obscenity trials) all over the country. However, the organization soon decided that public education about the accelerating erosion of free expression (sexual and otherwise), and political pressure applied to the oppressors were even more urgently needed. As one member said, "We'll never be able to raise enough money to defend all these cases and we'd have to be selective. The government is just going to keep on indicting. We must bring it to the people to let them know just what the government's hidden agenda is."

Since the **video porn** business has been one of the primary targets of the government persecution, it should come as no surprise that the FSLDF was founded by and is largely comprised of people in the industry. Although the porno field is generally quite competitive, the present emergency has brought out an unprecedented level of cooperation between rival companies, and the organization will focus public attention wherever it's most needed. "We're going to concentrate press in areas where indictments are happening...in areas where the public doesn't know what is happening in their own backyard," said secretary Al Bloom. He added that businesses in all areas of the adult industry from magazines to sex toys would be involved in the group.

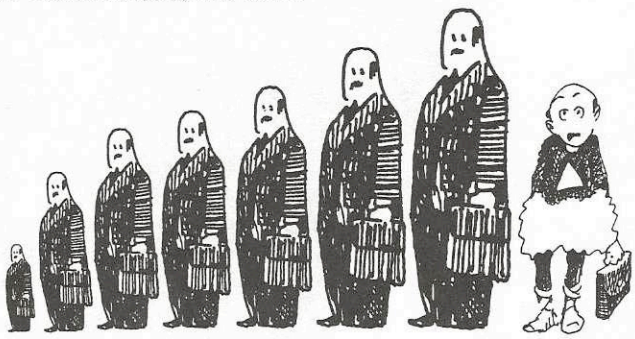
For more information on how you can support their efforts, call the Free Speech information line at 800-845-8503. Or for $9.95 call the Free Speech Legal Defense Fund hotline at 900-936-0123. All proceeds benefit FSLDF.

Getting Into Her Genes

For decades, the debate over what makes people queer or straight—genetics, environment, or a bit of both—has pretty much taken place in a scientific vacuum with lots of hysterical screaming righteous accusation, and very little actual research being done. Now two gay researchers in Miami, Florida are trying to change all that. **Allyn D. Gibson** and **Paul Rocheleau** are currently conducting a study to determine whether sexual orientation runs in families.

The study is based primarily on a questionnaire issued to self-identified queers regarding the sexual orientation of other members of their family, to be followed up as much as possible with interviews. Gibson, an associate professor of social work, and Rocheleau, a graduate student in mental health, hope to prove that **homosexuality** has **a genetic component** by showing that gays and lesbians are likely to have queer relatives. "My whole purpose in this is to prove that we are born gay and not seduced into it, as so many of the fundamentalist preachers claim," said Gibson.

While a paltry amount of research has already been done on the subject, this study stands out in a number of ways: It will include several thousand participants, it's being done by queers themselves, and unlike almost every other piece of research done on the genetics of homosexuality, it includes lesbians as well as gay men. To get a questionnaire or more information on the study, call Gibson at (305) 899-3917.



The Tofu Did It

The mystery of what caused three thousand dykes at the **'88 Michigan Womyn's Music Festival** to become violently sick to their stomachs has been revealed at last. No, it wasn't crystal poisoning, it wasn't a process overdose, it wasn't even shrapnel from S/M wars—it was the tofu!

According to researchers writing for the *American Journal of Epidemiology*, most of the 3,175 women who came down with **shigellosis-induced gastoenteritis** at the festival contracted it via an uncooked tofu salad that was served on the last day. Although the bacteria had been hanging out at the festival all week, it was the salad (aided by a lack of soap and running water for handwashing) that caused the illness to be spread so widely.

So take our advice. Next time you're at a women's festival and are hungry for a snack, skip the soy curd and stick to snatch.

Sane Sex

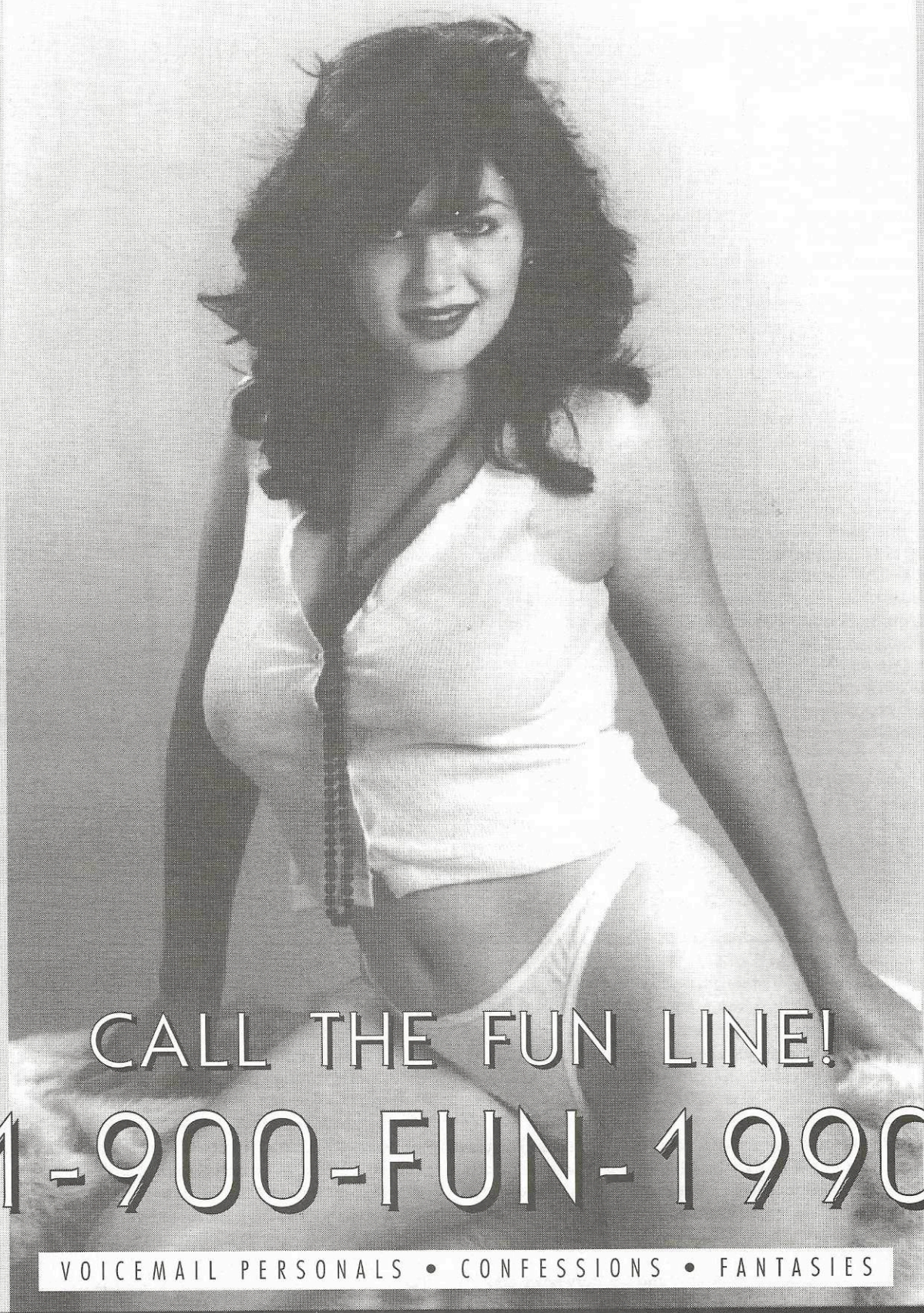
If the pro-sex movement has ever seemed patchy or fragmented to you, get ready to cast your frustrations aside. An organization is springing up that will fight for **sexual civil liberties** all across the map.

Sexual Sanity is a new national membership organization that pulls together diverse issues related to the right to choose one's own sexual life. Although there are already several groups working on one particular aspect of sexual civil rights, Sexual Sanity is the first to focus on the overall subject of sexual self-determination as it affects everybody. Their concerns include censorship, lesbian and gay rights, sodomy and adultery laws, and access to sex information, to name a few. In addition to making media noise through press conferences, letter-writing campaigns, and workshops' the group intends to provide education and information about sexuality — especially about sexual politics — and to build coalitions between existing organizations that support various facets of sexual civil liberties.

The organization is still new and would be thrilled to find members who want to contribute time, energy, and ideas, as well as cold hard cash. People of color are particularly welcomed. For more info write Sexual Sanity, PO Box 471061, San Francisco, CA 94147.

Sextracts: Greta Christina **Illustrations: Kris Kovick**

WANT SOME FUN?



CALL THE FUN LINE!

1-900-FUN-1990

VOICEMAIL PERSONALS • CONFESSIONS • FANTASIES

©MEN, Inc., 1991 $1.95 min

STARS IN HER THIGHS

Superstar Erica Boyer makes Kim's dream come true.

Pornography. My favorite topic to start up or fire up a conversation. Get me talking about fuck films and I'm all mouth and ears (as well as other places). My early experiences with the sex film genre were shared with a very nervous mate who preferred cartoons to skin flicks. But there was something in those moans and groans than made me moan and groan for more.

> ***Before I knew it, she was autographing her lovely scented G-string to me!***

Fortunately, the relationship with that person got pretty boring and ended, and I hooked up with a lover who lives and breathes the smut and scandal of those lusty scenes with naked women. I could not resist the temptation to open my eyes and my thighs wider for further consumption of this deliciously taboo experience.

As the months went on, I began watching all the old classics like *Behind the Green Door,* with former Ivory Snow girl Marilyn Chambers, and *Deep Throat* with the recently cum-clean "I was forced into pornography!" Linda Lovelace. Then I got into dabbling with the newer, live-on-video, "shot in a day—the porno way" little black-boxed gems that fit into my machine. Strangely enough, high quality "videos" are actually shot on film, adding to the lustre and watchability of these soon-to-be clit classics. My favorite of these is *Night Trips*, starring Tori Welles.

With piercing brown eyes, a pouty set of upper lips and a hungry set of lower ones begging to be fucked, she rapidly became one of my favorite porno stars. Tori also happens to have one of the best tit jobs in the pornography world. Watch enough porno and you can tell a bad tit job from a good one in a second. (If you check out pre-1988 and post 1989 videos of her, you'll see a better endowed, naturally flowing set of orbs in the later releases.) She also possesses an ability to seduce the camera that few stars have—aahhh, I think this is what separates the go-go girls from the stars. If only I could meet her to see if this is just tricky camera work or the real thing...

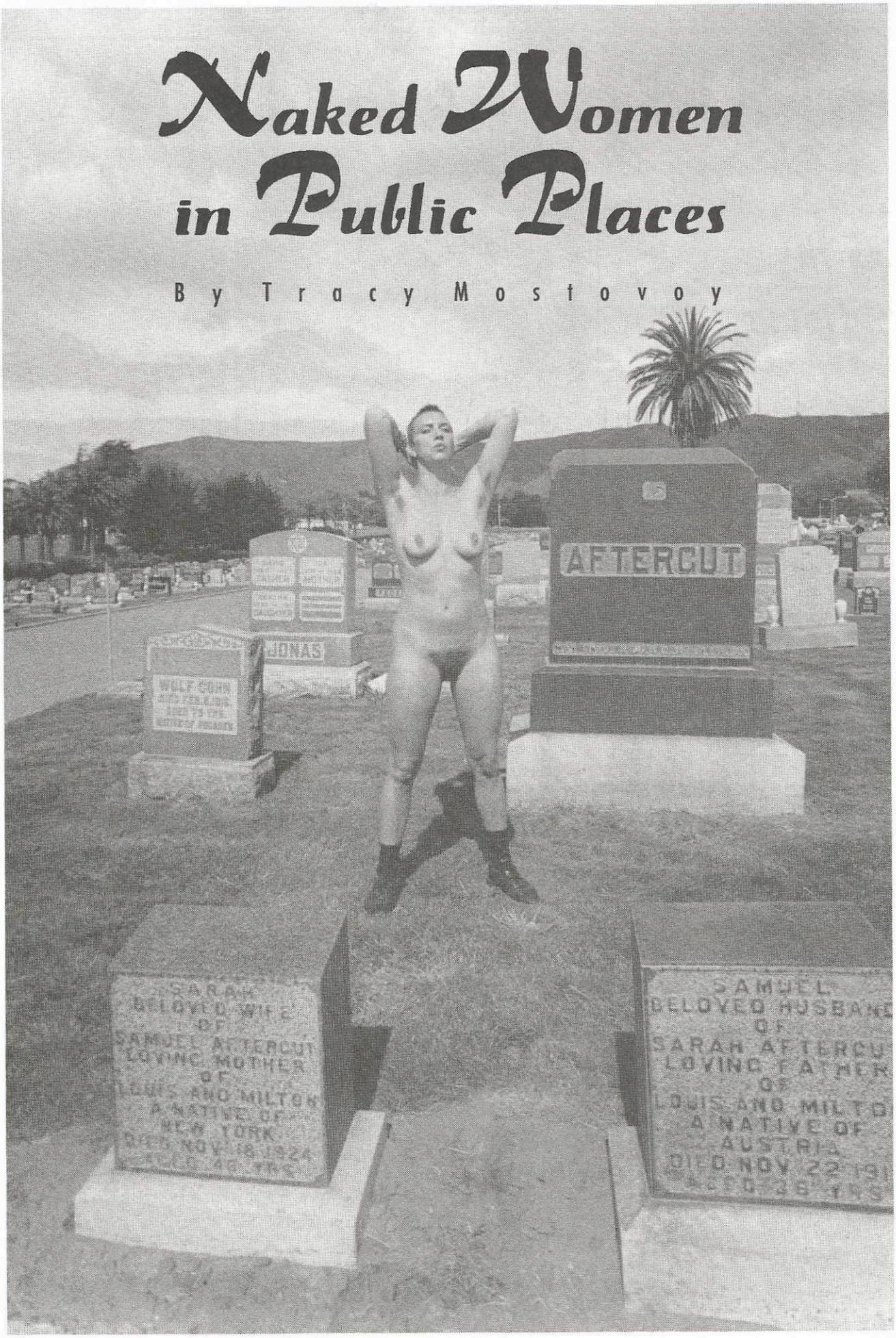
Last May, my porno-pal pointed out to me that Tori Welles was making an in-person appearance at a sleazy bookstore in Boston, the (formerly) notorious Combat Zone. This was an opportunity I could not miss.

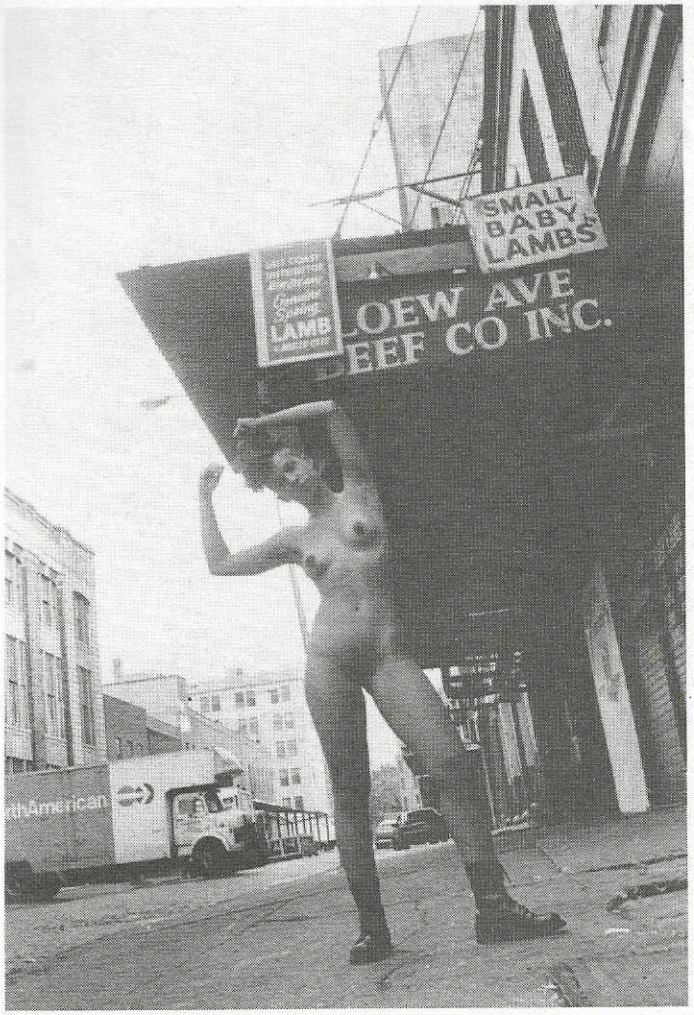
I decided to wear my best fuchsia wool business suit in order to make the statement I usually like to make when I walk into a porno bookstore. Kinda like "Hey guys, I can wear a business suit *and* watch pornography, too." I went into the store and SHE was sitting behind a plain table on the opposite side of the room. Tori Welles, with her tanned skin and black cropped jacket, and a hint of body stocking underneath. Her nails glistened and her luscious tits were poised together like they wanted to greet all of her fans themselves. And her eyes proved that it's not the camera angle that makes her look the way she does when she has sex. My heart pounded with love and my pussy pounded with lust. *(continued on pg 42)*

KIMBERLAYNE POUBELLE

Naked Women in Public Places

By Tracy Mostovoy

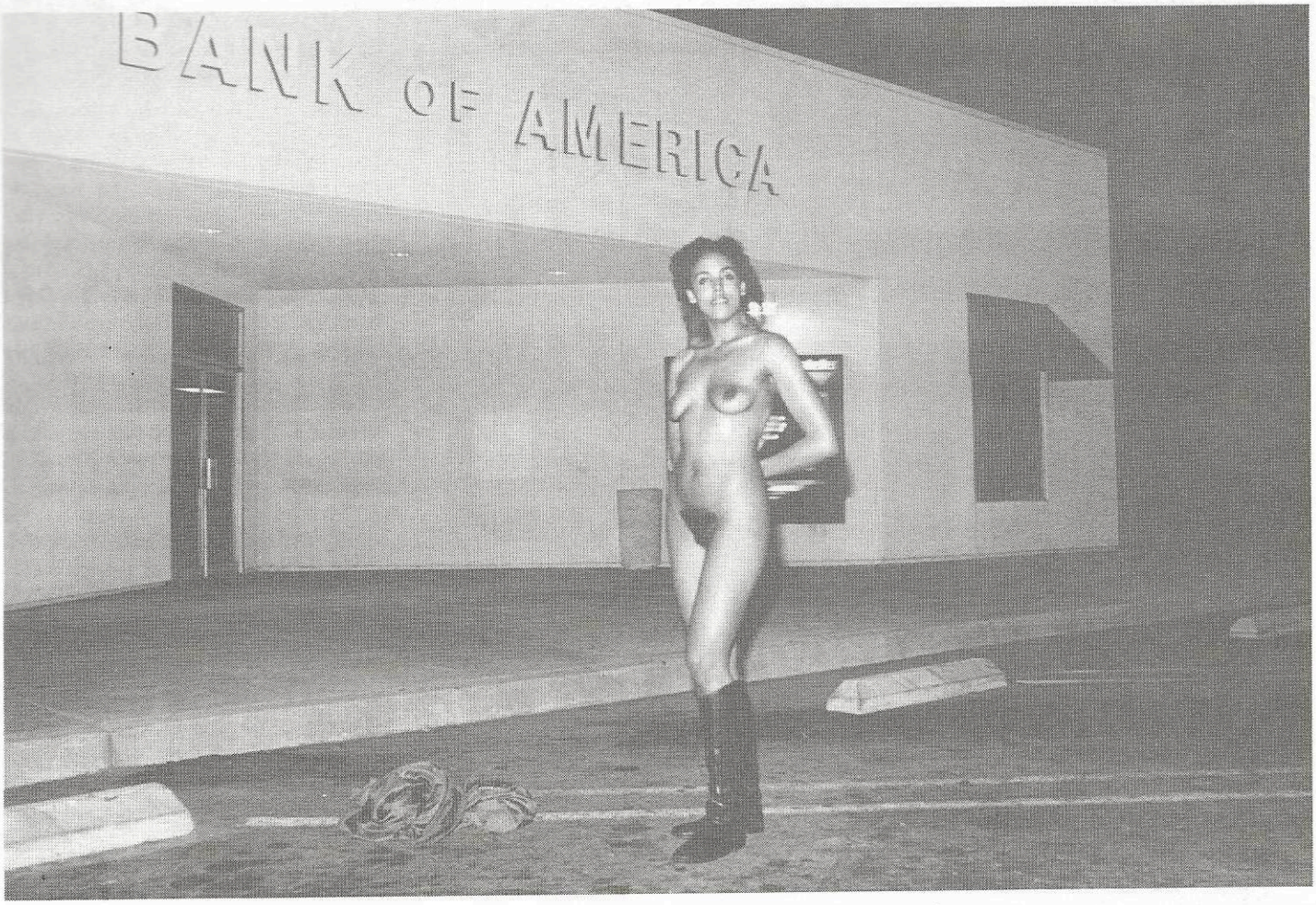



SMALL
BABY
LAMBS
LAMB
OEW AVE
EEF CO INC.

CITY HALL

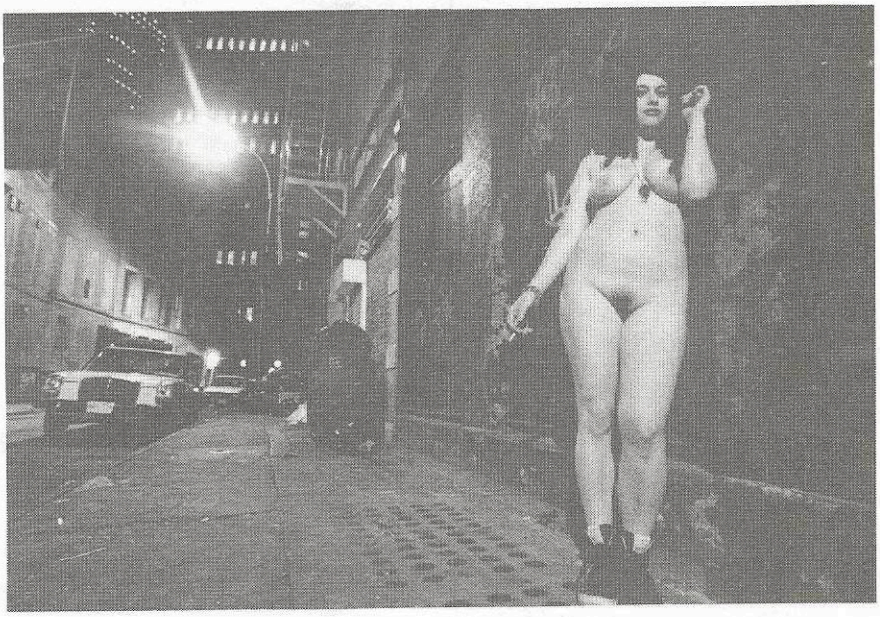
LABOR &
DELIVERY
SALA DE
PARTOS
6G
CHILDRENS
CLINIC
6M
PEDIATRICS 6A
6A 6B
6

ROXY III
THREE THEATERS
ONE ADMISSION PRICE
4 SMASH HITS
ONE ADMISSION PRICE
4 NEW XXX MOVIES
EVERY WEDNESDAY & SUN
SAFE AND COMFORTABLE
NEW CRYSTALVISION
4 SMASH HITS
ONE ADMISSION
OPEN 24 HOURS
3 THEATERS



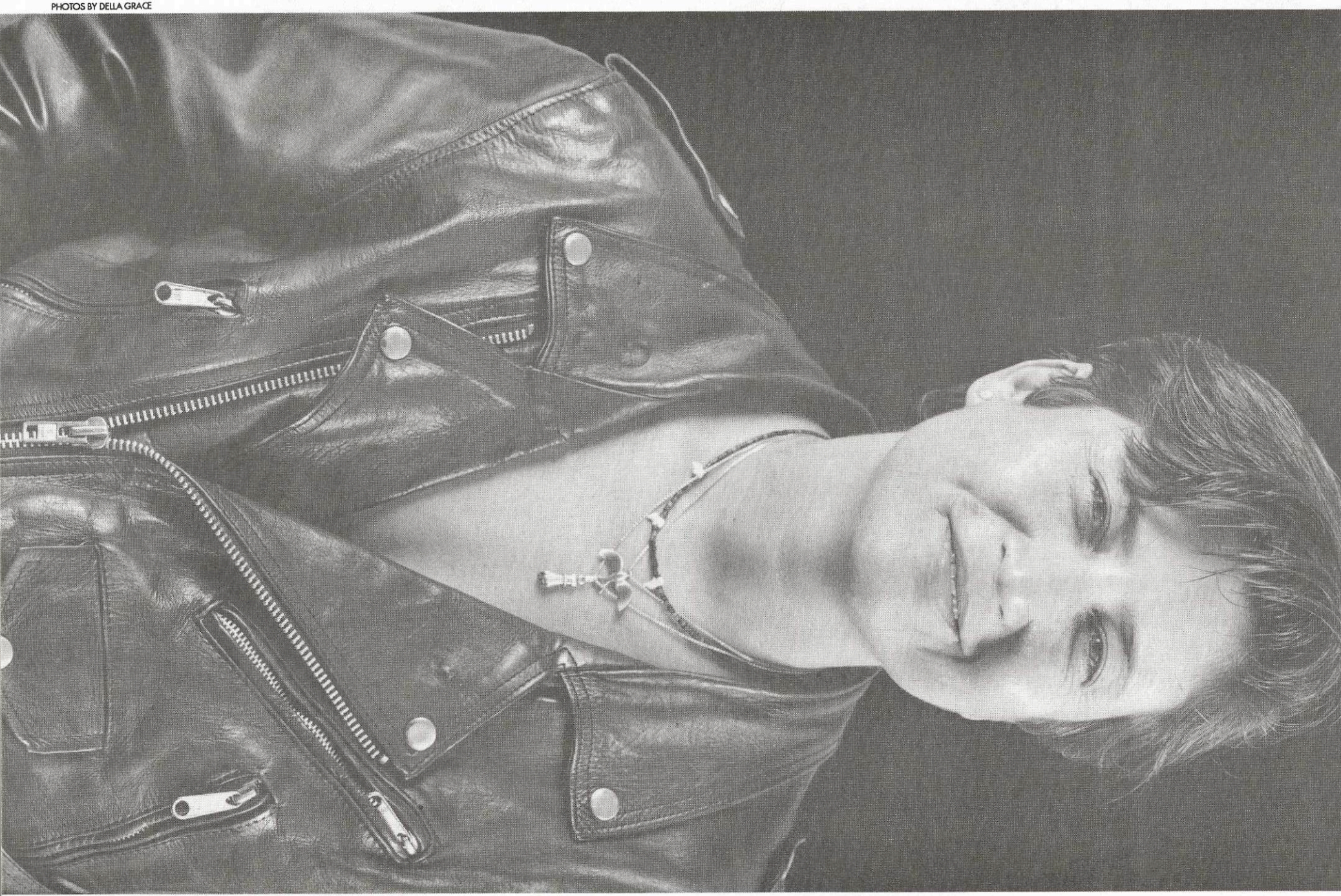
"Naked Women in Public Places" is a political series about women reclaiming and empowering traditional establishments. I let each woman choose a social institution, like a hospital, university, or church that she feels a connection with, and then she takes off her clothes on the spot. It's a mini-exorcism and it works! By being naked, they can let the magic go through them.

Doing a photo series like this is very liberating. Of course it's also a misdemeanor, which is part of the fun.



Tracy Mostacy

PHOTOS BY DELLA GRACE



JANE DeLYNN

Jane DeLynn has become something of a lesbian Salman Rushdie, vilified by dykedom for her recently published novel *Don Juan In The Village*. Though this was actually DeLynn's fourth book—she began publishing in 1978 with *Some Do*, followed by *In Thrall* and *Real Estate*—*Don Juan in the Village* has earned DeLynn a reputation far beyond that attained by most lesbian writers.

The controversial book was trashed in *The New York Times Book Review*, as well as in countless lesbian and feminist publications. The literati were appalled by main character Don Juan's unapologetically lust-driven odyssey, and lesbians were downright apoplectic. DeLynn was roundly criticized for defying dogma with her portrayal of a neurotic, boozing, sex-driven dyke who could care less about global sisterhood. Barbara Grier of Naiad Press baldly stated that she'd never publish DeLynn because of her "negativity" —but then, Djuna Barnes and Violet LeDuc are also blacklisted by Naiad for the same reason, so DeLynn's in good company. In the end, however, the bad raps generated mountains of publicity and put DeLynn in the limelight.

Twenty years ago Jane DeLynn had her first piece published in the *Paris Review*. Since then her work has appeared in *Harper's Bazaar, Rolling Stone, Mirabella,* and *The New York Times Magazine* to name a few. Just back from an assignment in Saudi Arabia to cover Operation Desert Storm, she gives novelist Sarah Schulman and *On Our Backs* managing editor Lisa Palac a piece of her mind. —*The Editors*

"The most passion comes from the things that you want to keep hidden."

BY SARAH SCHULMAN
with LISA PALAC

Sarah Schulman: I got *Don Juan In The Village* and I could not stop reading it. I was riveted. At the same time, though, I was morally appalled because what I saw was a book about someone who really did not like women and yet was compelled towards them, but not for sex.

Jane DeLynn: There is fistfucking in the book. That's fairly intense sex.

SS: Well, your protagonist Don Juan seemed to be looking for humiliation more than anything else. It was a depiction of women that I had never seen before. It was a discussion of a certain kind of relationship to women that I had never acknowledged before.

JD: [Turning on her tape recorder] Do you mind if *I* tape this?

SS: One of the great things about the book is that it is authentically disturbing. That was one of the reasons I also liked Mary Gaitskill's *Bad Behavior*. I didn't feel that I needed to identify with your book. I admired the writing and was disturbed by it. Then the reviews started to come in and they were almost all negative. Not just blasé you know—hate.

JD: It got nasty reviews.

SS: Why?

JD: I think it goes against certain lesbian myths about women. There was that feminist thing—that business about women and sisterhood and stuff like that.

Lisa Palac: What do you mean by "lesbian myths"?

JD: There's this false idea, almost a fantasy, of what lesbian life is like. My experience is that the fantasy doesn't exist. I'm thinking of those novels published by Naiad. I've never met lesbians like those characters.

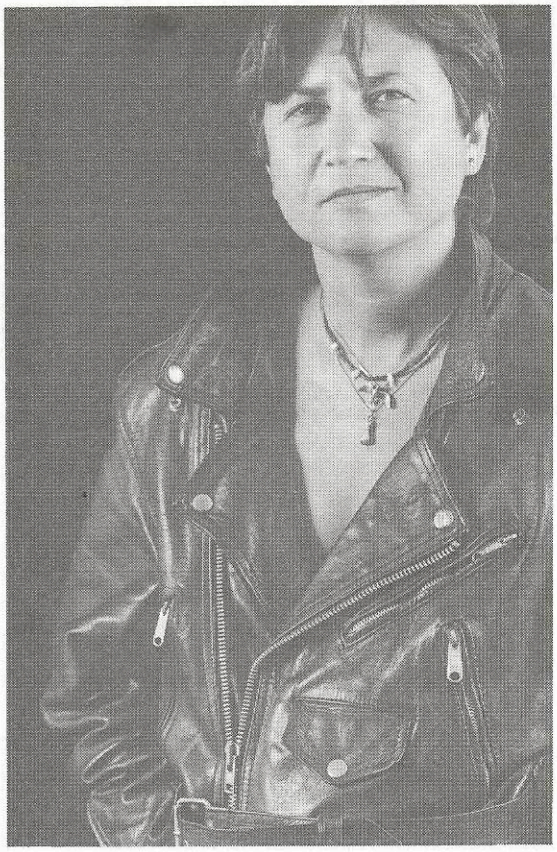
I find lesbians to be extremely difficult and not particularly trustworthy. Lesbians treat each other as badly as anyone else. We should be glad about that because we're part of the human race.

SS: Your protagonist called women "pigs" and she was repulsed by them.

JD: Are they never pigs? Are they never repulsive? I've always found it easier to discuss negative things. My mother always told me—she didn't read the book, I asked my parents not to read it—but she always said that my sex scenes would turn anybody off from sex. Only one critic called it "erotic," that was Kate Bornstein. But I guess I'm more interested in negative truths. Besides, you can't really write a description of bliss. ➤

LP: What is a negative truth?

JD: I guess I mean truths that other people interpret as negative. I think the things that are the hardest to face up to are the most important things to write about. The most charge and the most passion comes from the things that you want to keep hidden, from the things that you're embarrassed about or ashamed of. When I write about the things that really make me uncomfortable, then I'm writing the best, because then I'm writing the truth.



Look into the heart of darkness, because that's where light lies.

That's why Virginia Woolf is my favorite author. I find her books incredibly life-affirming because they deal with darkness and the triumph over darkness. If everything goes your way, then there's no credit to your triumph. But if you can see the darkness—and everybody sees it—and get beyond it, that's valuable.

I don't think the truth can be negative or positive. It's just the way things are.

SS: Why does Don Juan chase women? What does she want from them?

JD: She wants something satisfied that doesn't get satisfied. [Reading from the book] "On occasion when I fell in love someone was with me in the room and it was no longer empty. But quickly they became part of the furniture, the television, the walls, the papers on my desk." It's about getting away from the self, looking for transformation in somebody else and not finding it because, of course, it can't be found there. Was I supposed to be transcendent at the end? That wouldn't be very believable.

SS: But some people in lesbian publishing were disturbed by this book. Barbara Grier of Naiad Press was quoted in *Outweek* as saying that she would never publish Djuna Barnes, Violette LeDuc or *Don Juan In The Village* because she sees them as "negative."

JD: There's a difference between the image and the actuality of gayness. These objections are examples of politically correct behavior. But I do *not* know why it's okay for Pat Califia to do this and not me. Maybe it's because her books are more rah-rah about being gay and being superior. My books are about being human. However, people do not insult me to my face. It just comes out in reviews.

LP: What do you think of this whole "politically correct" debate, both on college campuses and within the lesbian community?

JD: I'm totally offended by the notion of political correctness. All it does is disguise the truth and disguising the truth is the reason for persecution in the first place. It's the reason that gays were persecuted for years because the truth about us was hidden. I grew up thinking that I was the only gay person in the world. For years, I thought if there were other gays it would be extremely unlikely that I would run into them. That's because of lies and concealment. I'm more offended by the lies that my supposed friends and community put forth. We expect our enemies to lie to us but when we ourselves lie it's completely nauseating.

SS: Is your attraction to women more sexual than emotional?

JD: I don't think they're all that separate. Even when I had one night stands, I always felt emotional about it. Of course, the second I know I can't fall in love with someone, I really have no more interest in sleeping with them. It may be unrealistic to think that if you pick someone up you might fall in love with them. But in some weird way I used to feel like that.

SS: Your book takes place at The Duchess—

JD: And The Cubbyhole.

SS: Have you spent many a year at The Duchess picking up women?

JD: I did in the 70s. Then I picked up people at The Cubbyhole. I don't think it's particularly hard to pick up women.

SS: How do you do it?

JD: Talk to them a bit and then ask them to go home with me.

SS: What do you talk about? This is for *On Our Backs,* you know. This is for a sex magazine.

JD: So it's okay to actually tell the truth?

SS: I'm supposed to ask you about your sex life.

JD: Is it bad for me to say these things in print? What would you do?

SS: I don't pick up women in bars. So I wouldn't have a story to tell.

JD: Well, I've often picked up women who are sort of straight or bisexual. They're actually easier to go home with than lesbians.

LP: You say you don't find it particularly difficult to pick up women in bars, but most women I know say it's one giant staring contest. What's your secret?

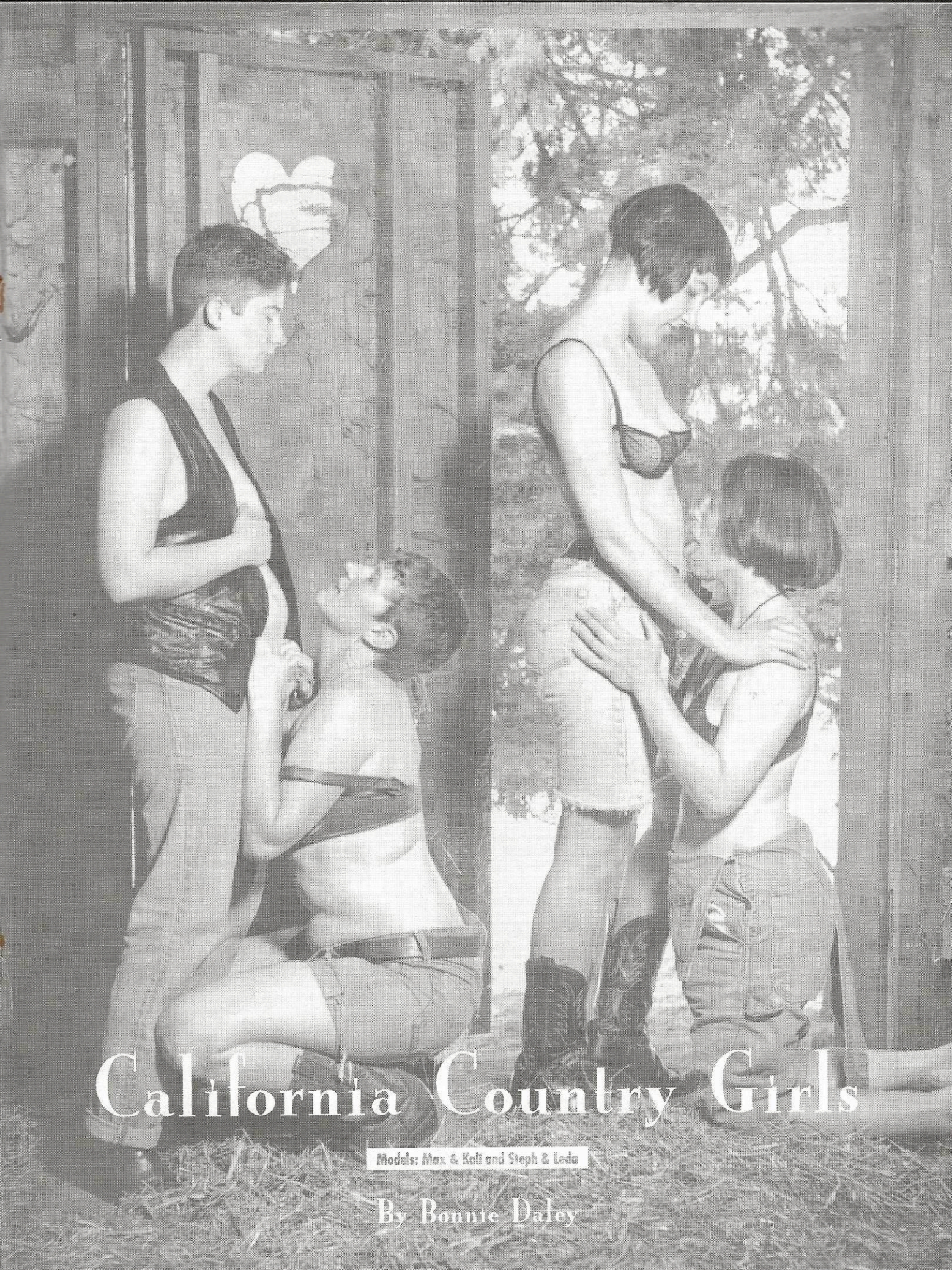
JD: I haven't been in the bars for awhile and now that I'm in my "low-forties" it would probably be extremely difficult!

LP: So where do you meet women now? Or are you seeing someone?

JD: I've been seeing someone for about six months. I met her because she was dating a friend of mine. And the woman I was living with before, we met at an art opening.

Actually, I used to find picking women up in bars very difficult and I got over it. I found the best way is just to look at them and if they're interested they look back. You're right, it is a staring contest. But I don't think it takes all that much effort.

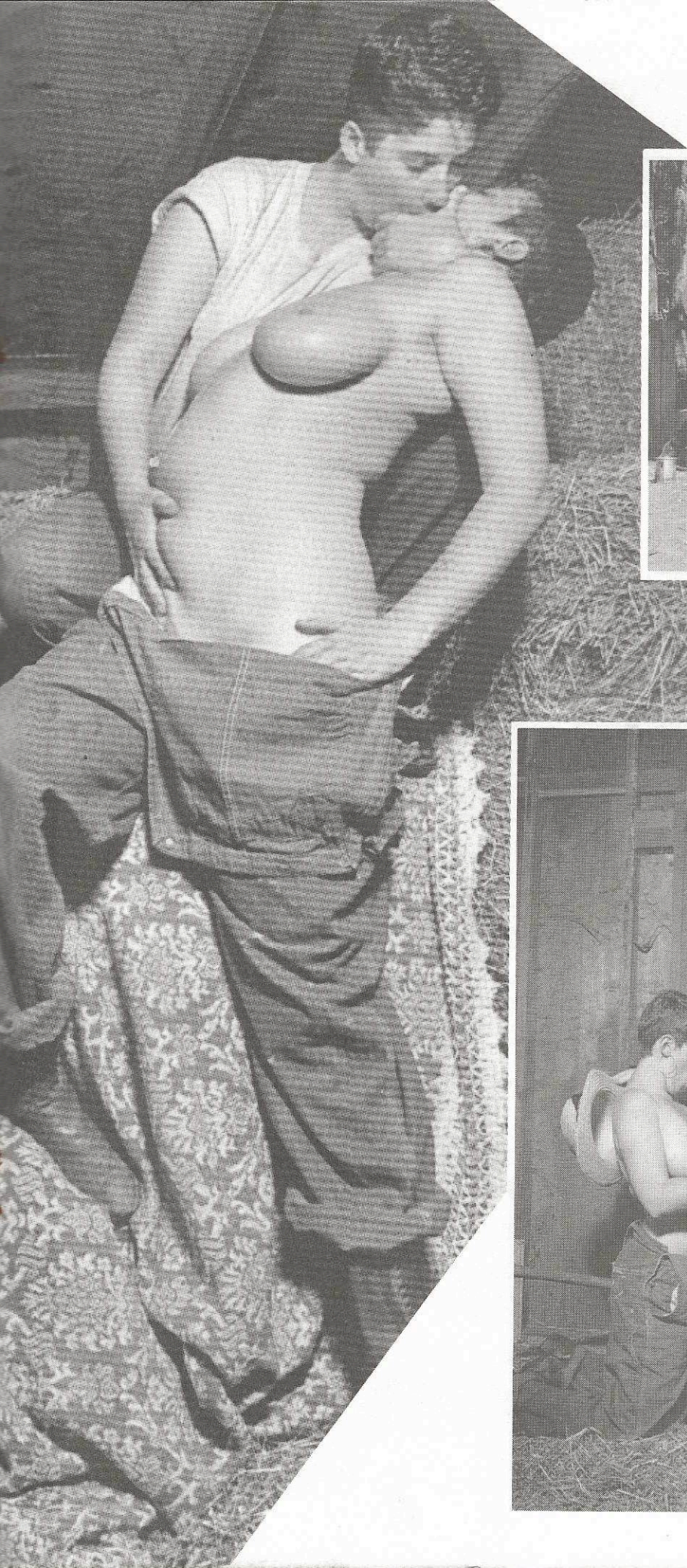
The hardest thing was overcoming my shyness about it. I used to be really, really shy. In the early 70s, I'd get a little drunk, take a quaalude and force myself to overcome being shy. Then I realized that the women wanted to be picked up or they wouldn't be there. I once met someone in a bar and she came home with me immediately. I mean, we talked for two minutes! And she'd never slept with a woman before. *(continued on page 42)*

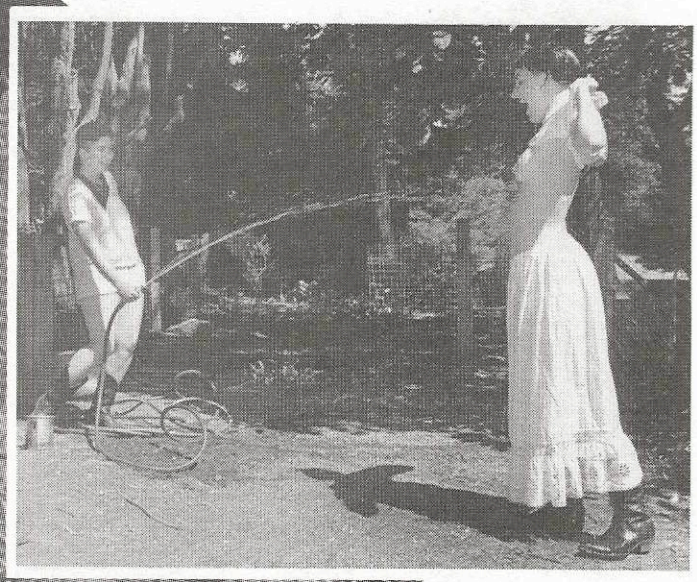


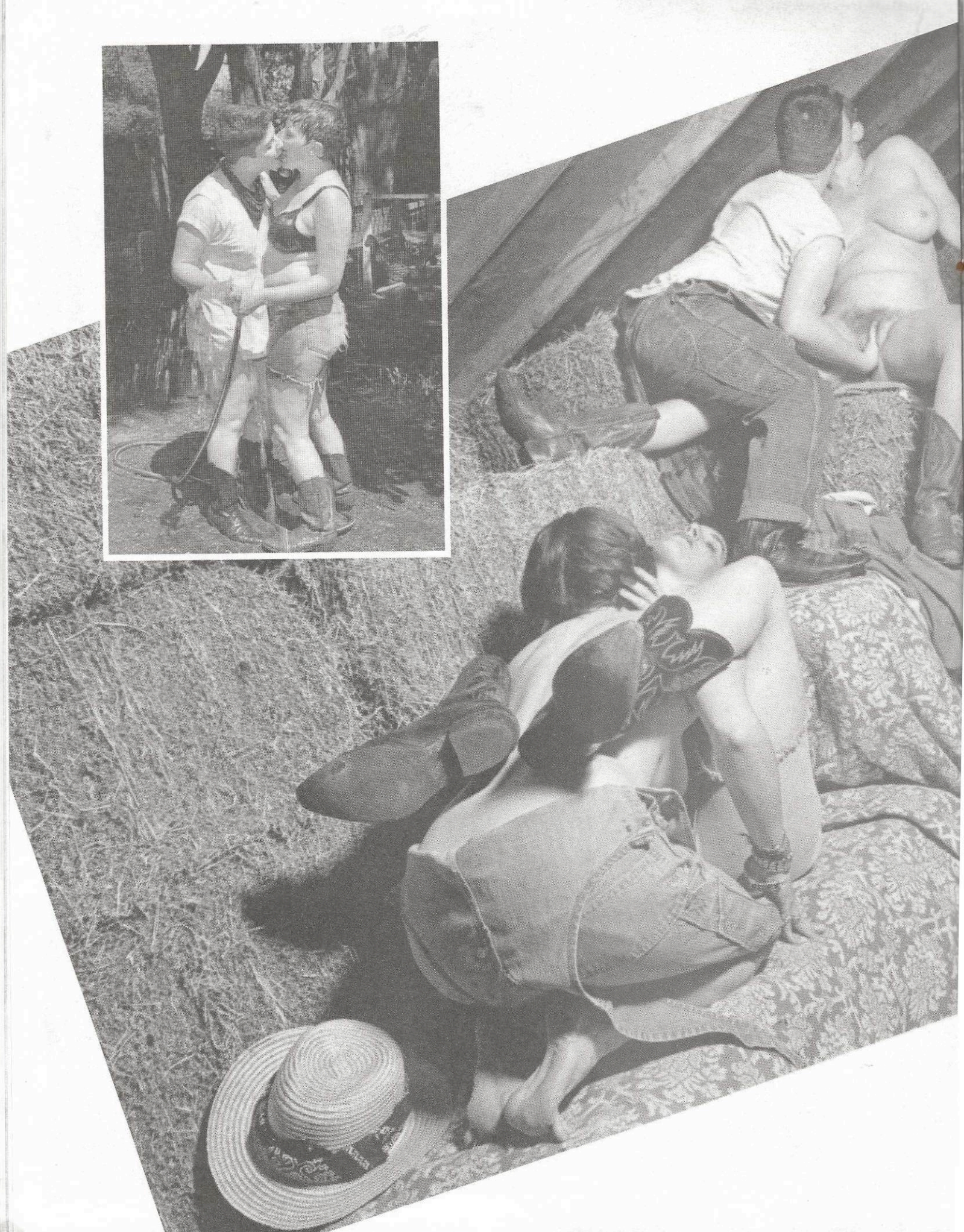
California Country Girls

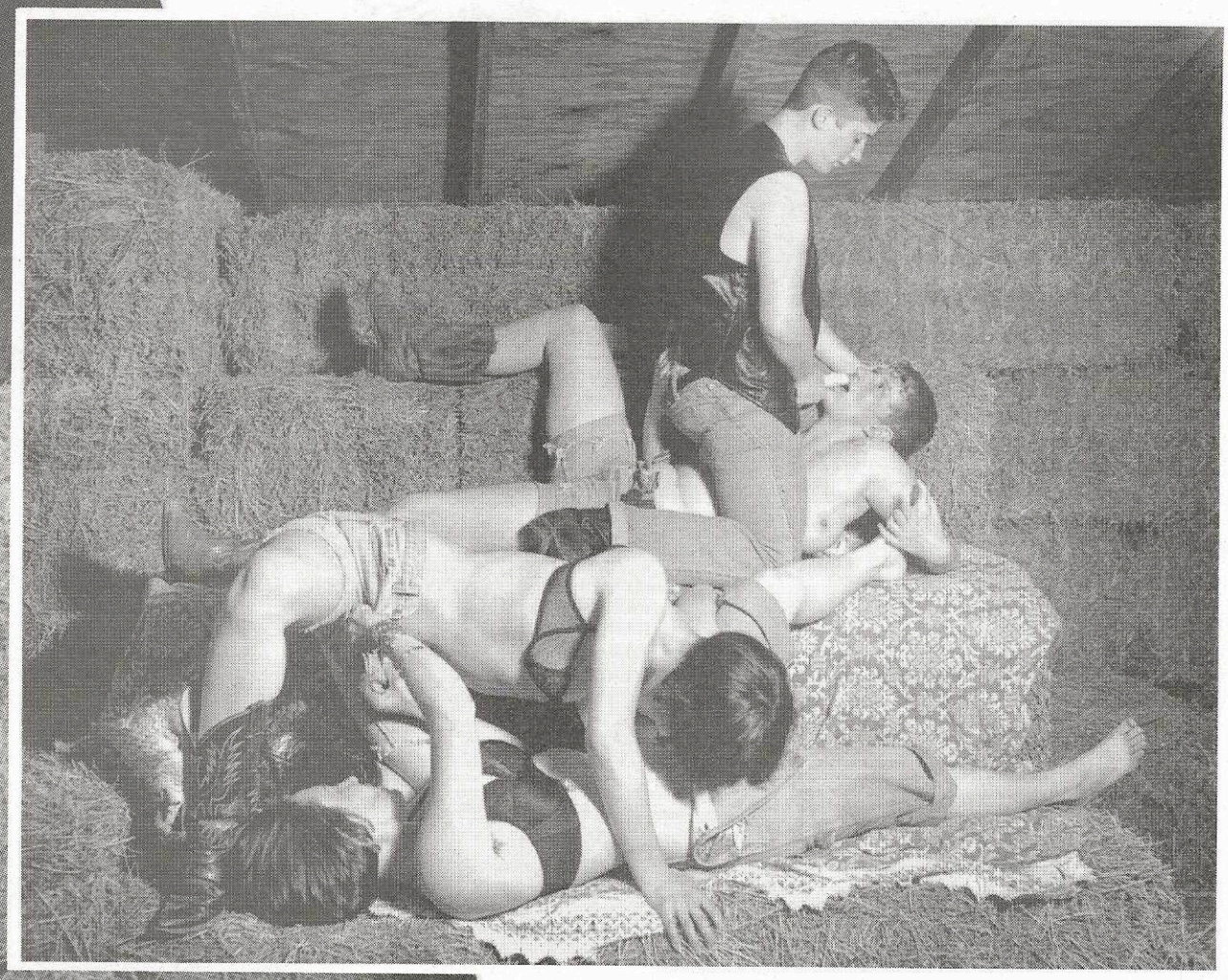
Models: Max & Kali and Steph & Leda

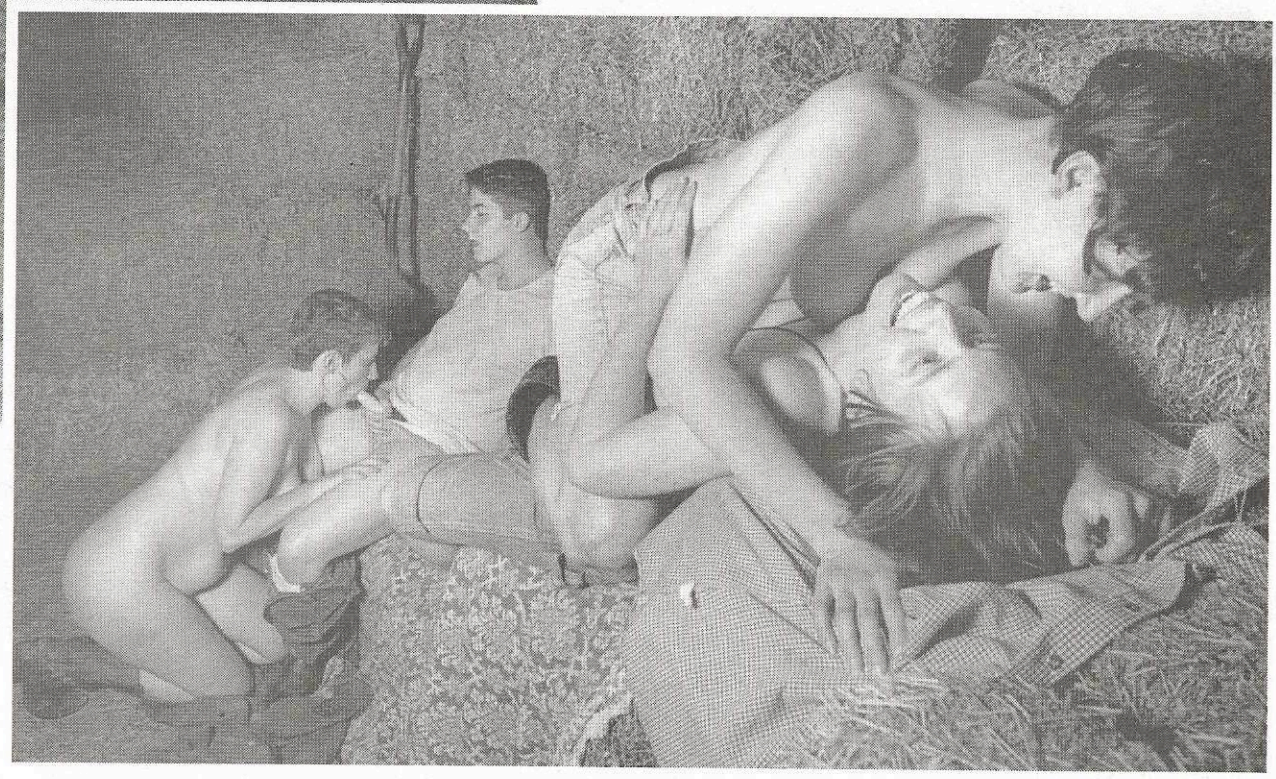
By Bonnie Daley











You pin me
to our bed of leaves,
as you rub your
cunt against
my thigh.

Photos by Michelle Pattee

FALL FOLIAGE

"Why don't we go for a walk on the mountain?" you suggest. Sounds good, I think, nodding in agreement. The mountain is beautiful in autumn. I like the panorama of fall colors, the vibrant smell of decaying leaves, the continuous chatter of their brittle remains crunching underfoot. And there's nothing more romantic than a leisurely stroll on the mountain on a sunny Sunday morning with a woman I hardly know, a woman I'm not sure goes to the same church as me, if you know what I mean. Although the question in your eyes evokes obvious affirmation in mine, the hair at the back of my neck bristles when you move close to me, and I'd bet the hundred and thirty-five bucks in my bank account that you're turned on to me as much as I am to you.

As we reach the edge of the park, I realize with dismay that half the city must have had the same idea as you. Maybe you didn't want to be alone with me after all. Maybe the idea of "a walk on the mountain" doesn't immediately set the blood pounding through your erogenous zones. Should I be nervous? Worry about whether my underwear is clean and in one piece? How the hell should I know?

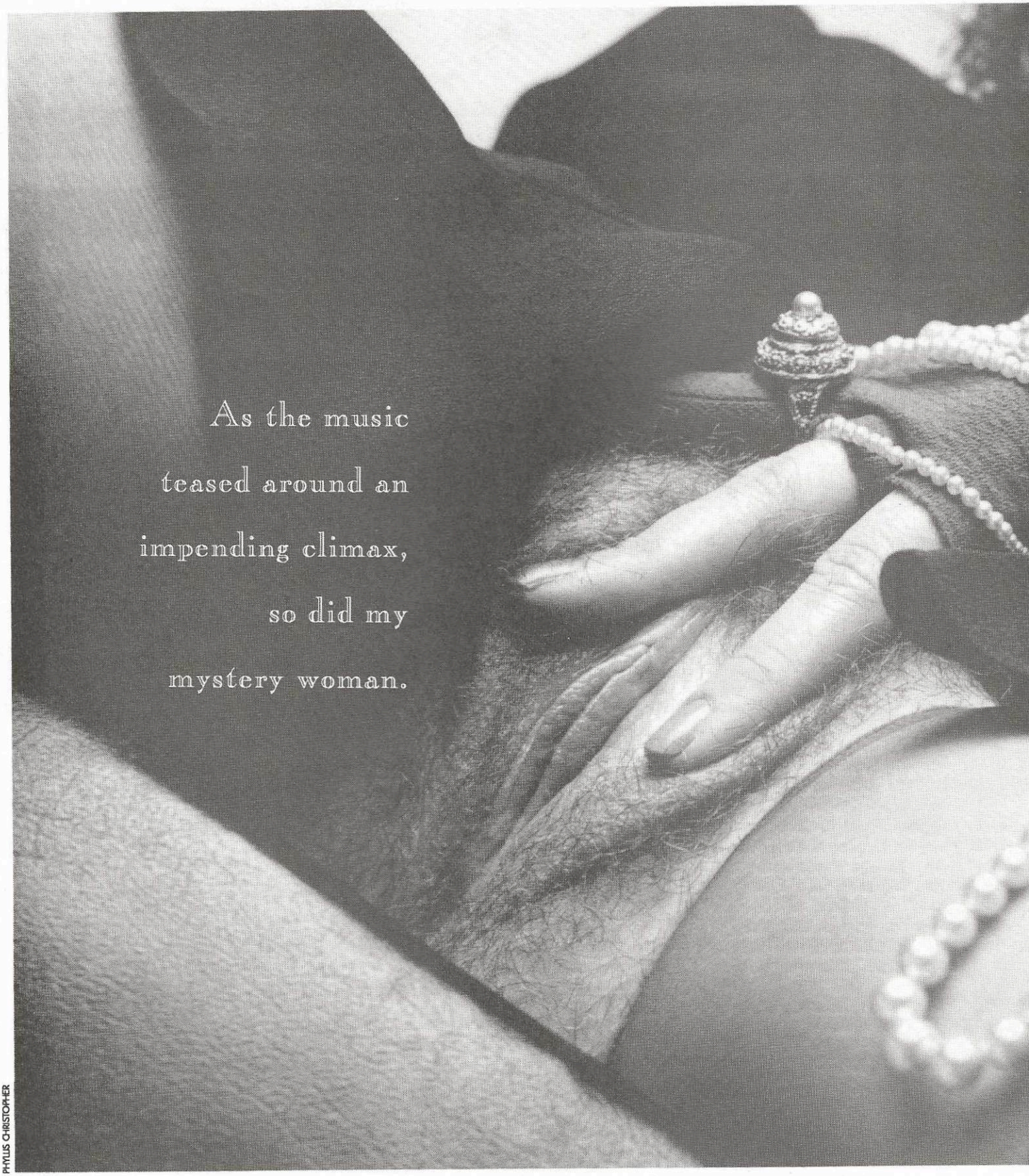
But you aren't at all discouraged. You lead me through the strolling couples and packs of noisy children, past the open, grassy park and into the thick woods just below the mountain. As soon as we're alone, you take my hand and then we're climbing a narrow, rather steep path until I can barely hear the exuberant shouts of the children.

"Where are we going?" I ask breathlessly, winded by our ascent up the side of the mountain.

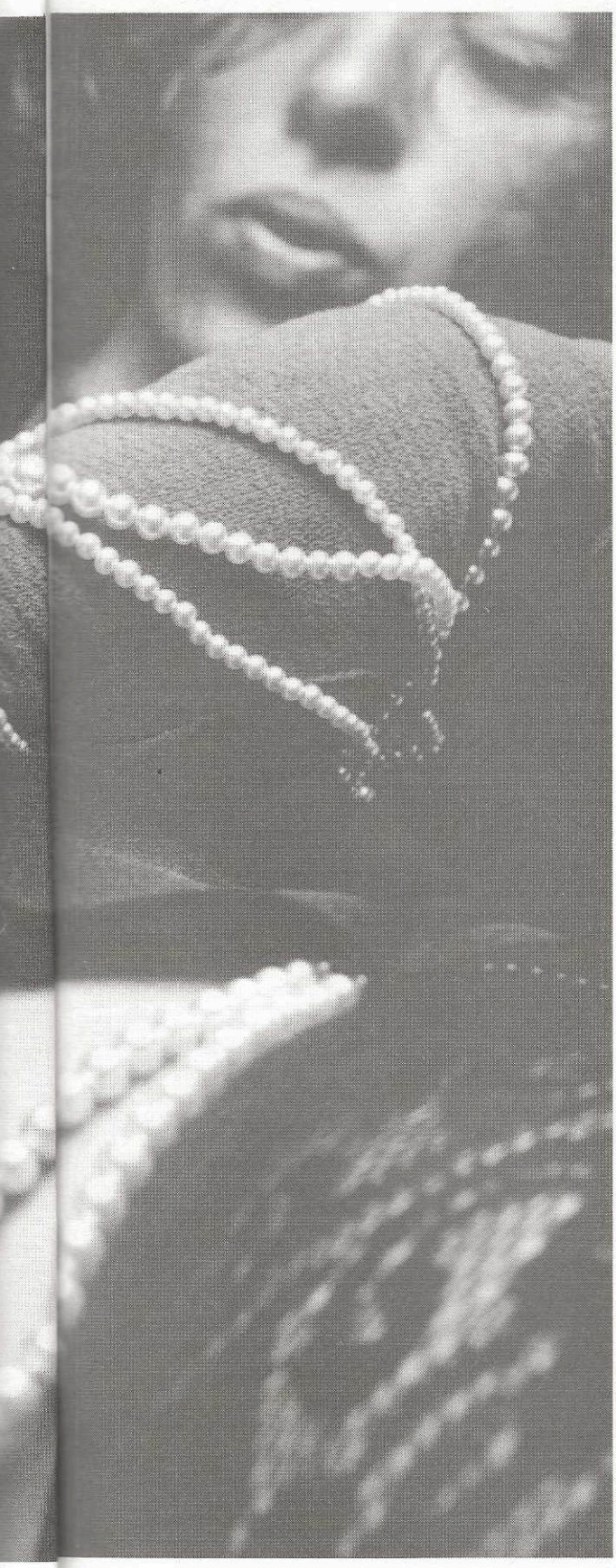
"For our walk on the mountain," you reply playfully, pulling me higher. The path abruptly narrows and protruding, criss-crossing tree roots make me stumble in my rush to keep up with you. Finally you stop and turn to me, your smile gentle but enigmatic. Slowly you reach out, put your hands on my shoulders and gently push me down. *(continued on page 38)*

Fiction

By Jackie Manthorne



PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER



The Opera Lovers

I was disappointed with my seat: not quite the back row, but very nearly. I'd been looking forward to this opera for a long time but had waited too long to get a ticket. Now all I could hope for was to find an empty seat closer to the front when the house darkened. As the great chandeliers lost their brilliance and retreated upwards, I caught sight of an elegant blonde in a long black evening dress who rushed up the stairs and sat a few seats away from me.

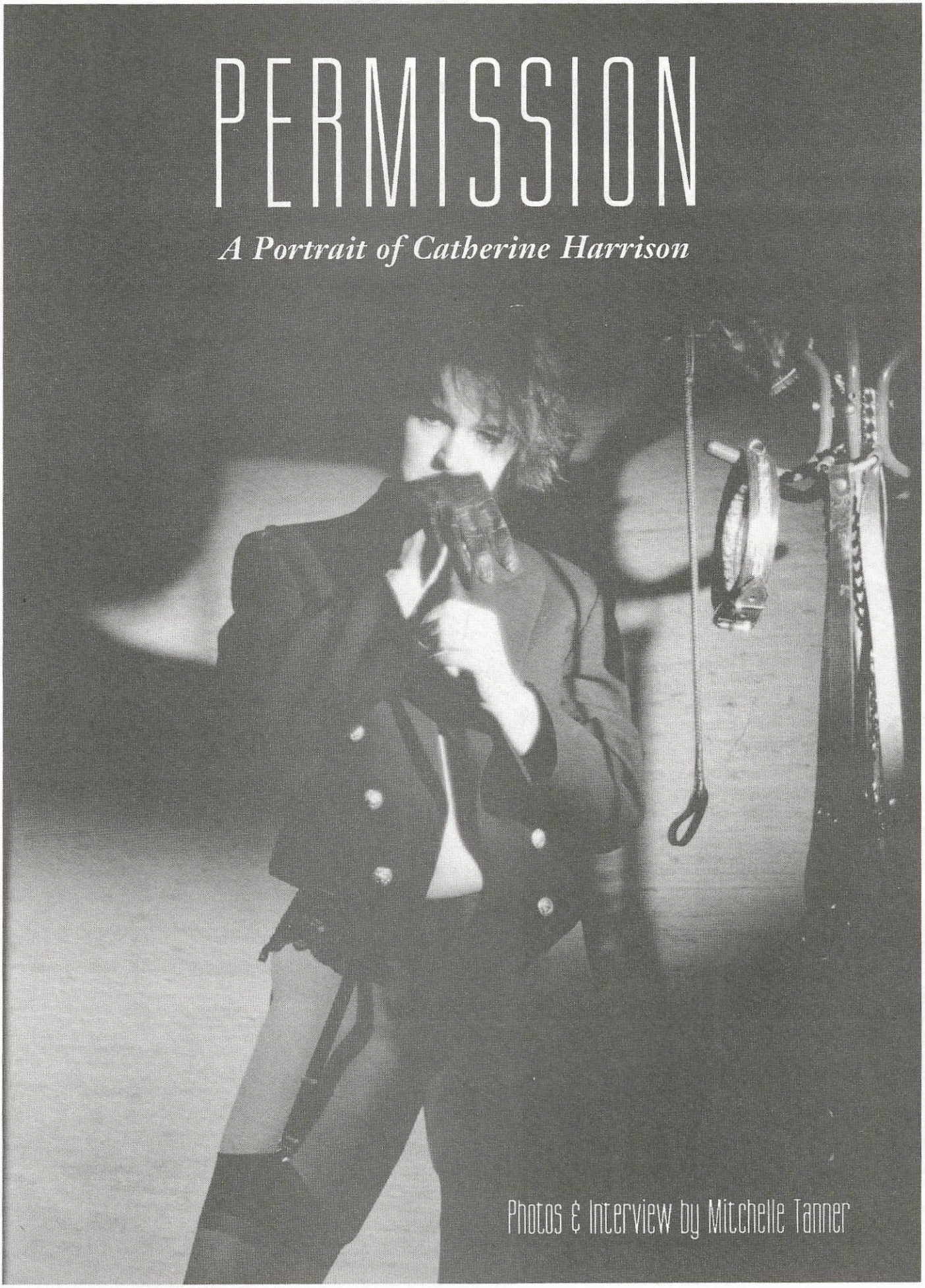
(continued on page 40)

Fiction

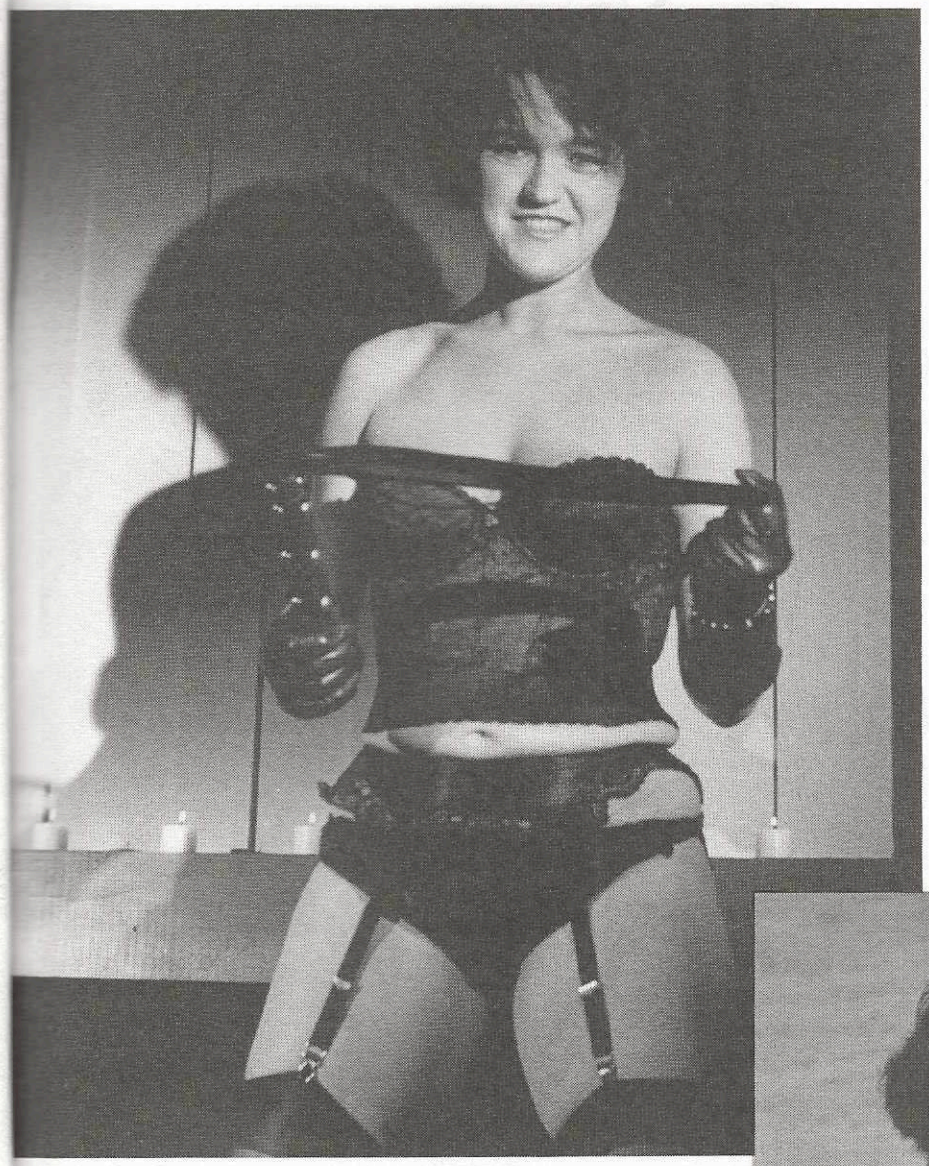
By Anna Conchita Senos

PERMISSION

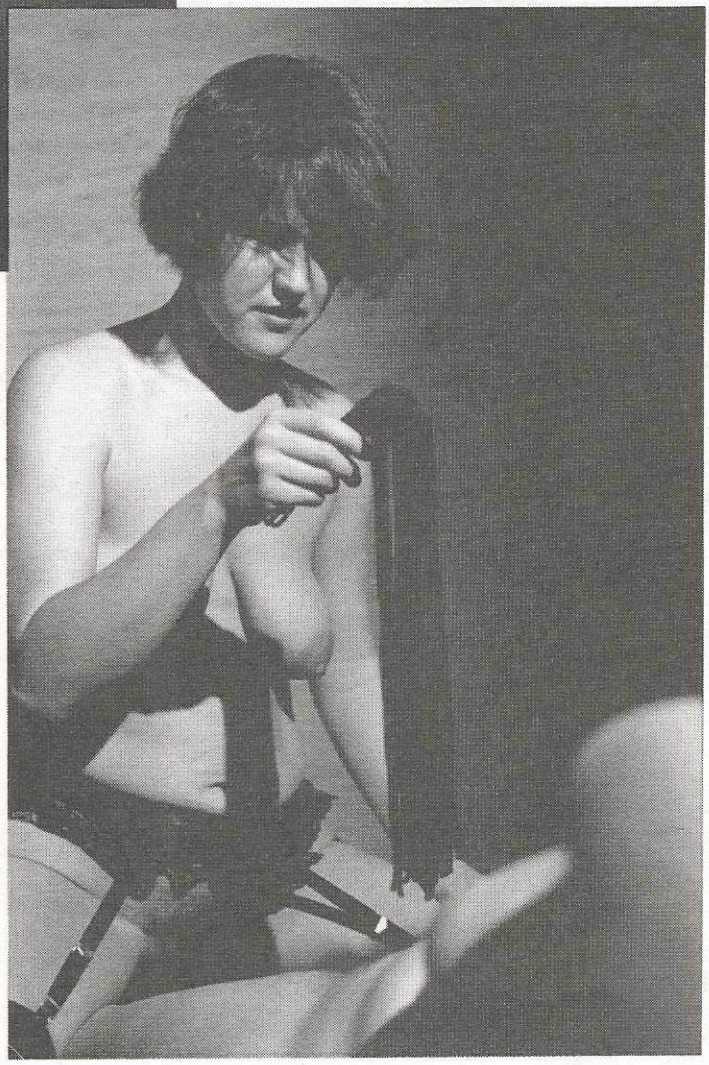
A Portrait of Catherine Harrison



Photos & Interview by Mitchelle Tanner



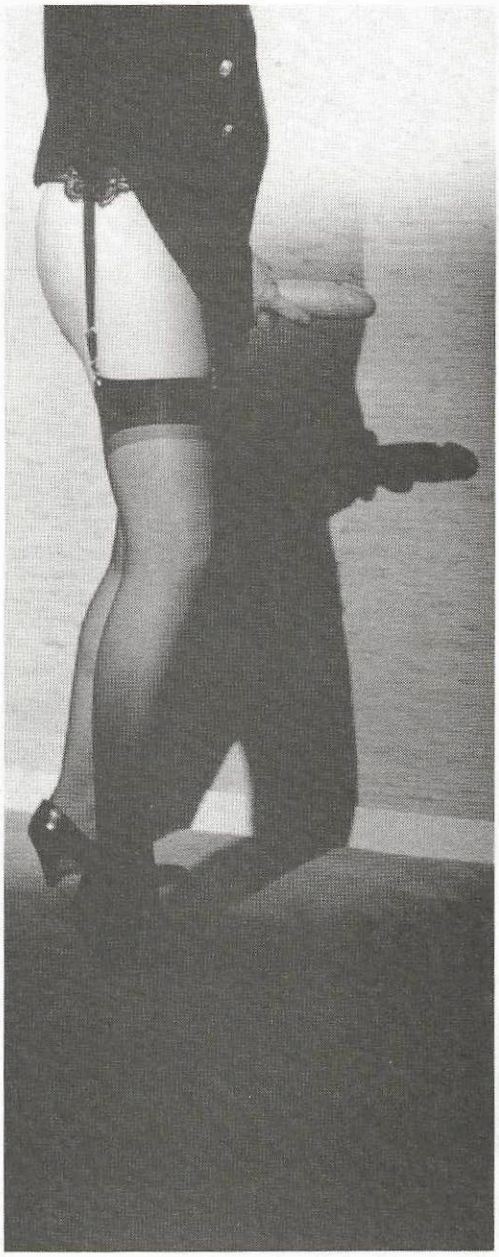
"I have had some very spiritual experiences with people in a client/mistress relationship. Some things really left me touched; when somebody just totally surrendered or somebody needed a release. When you put, say, clamps on someone, what that does is bring the emotional pain to the surface. When you physicalize that pain, you give it an outlet; it's a release, it purges. It is a doorway to the spirit."

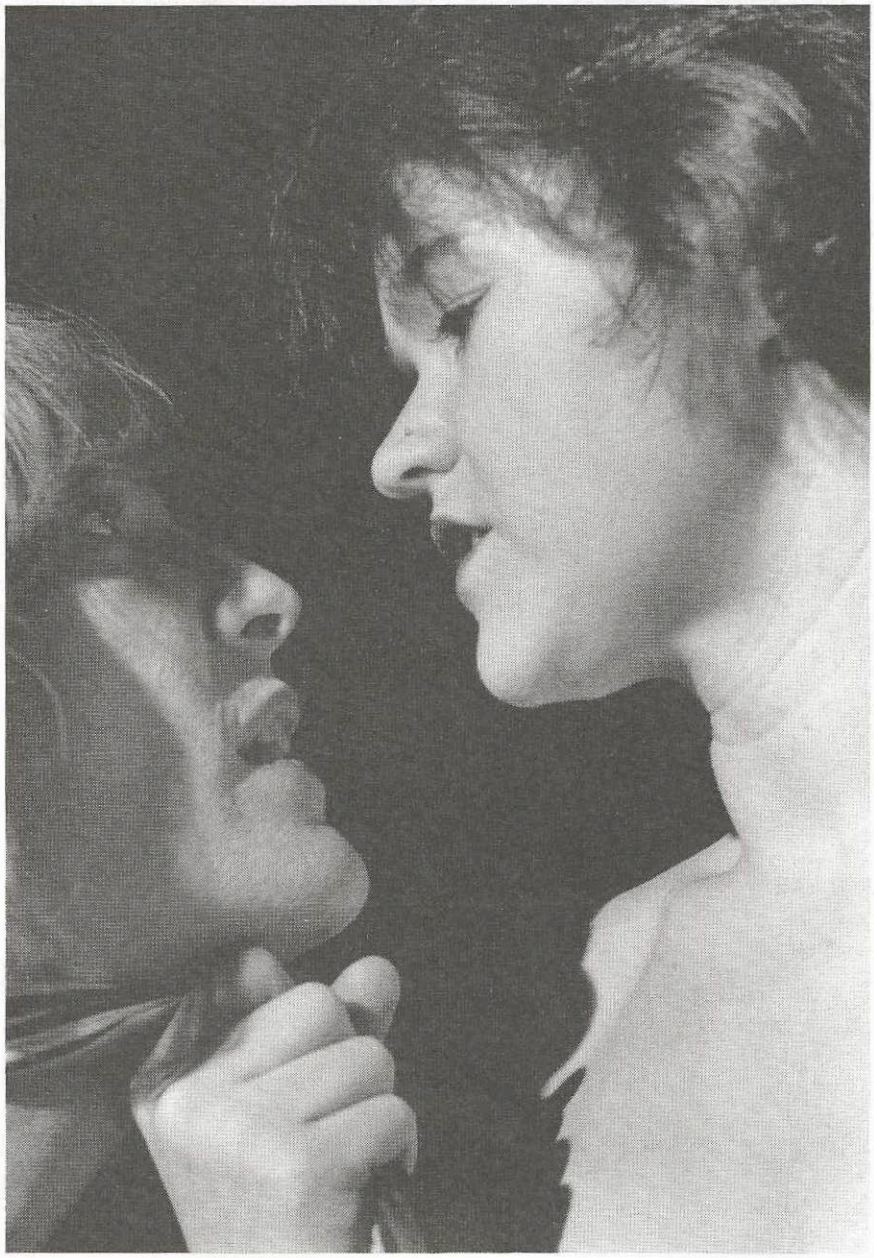


Thirty-three-year-old Catherine Harrison is a British-born lesbian who mixes the art of theater with the crack of a whip. Over the past nine years Ms. Harrison studied acting at the Drama Studio of London at Berkeley, in California. For two of those nine years she practiced as a professional dominatrix by night, fulfilling clients' private fantasies and delving into her own.

After moving out of her role as a Mistress she wrote her first play, *Permission*, based on her experiences as a dominatrix. Produced by Outlaw Productions, the play recently finished a four-week run at Theatre Rhinoceros in San Francisco. *Permission* will be touring the East Coast soon.

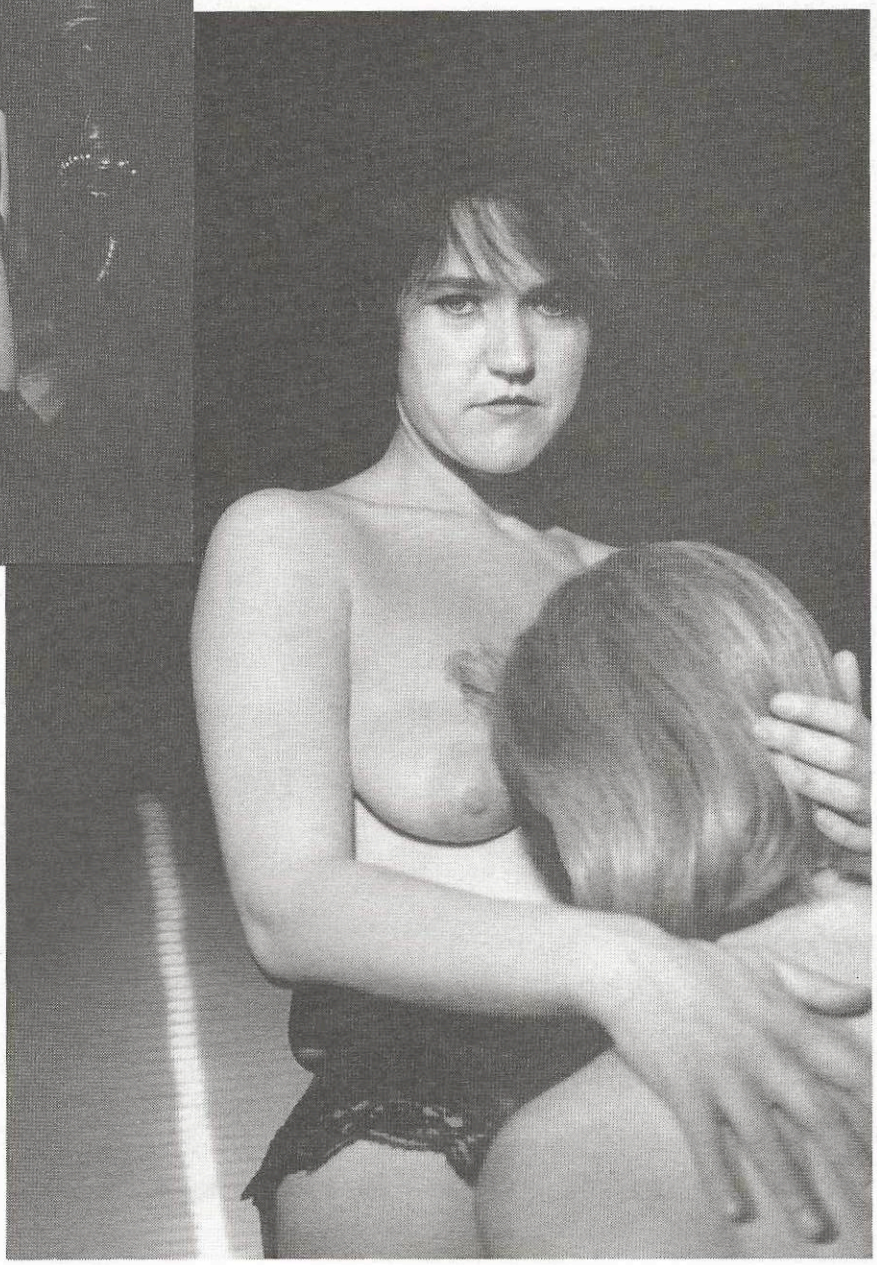
"There's this general belief that if you're in the sex industry and you're catering to men in terms of sexual service, that you're not a lesbian and you can't be a lesbian. Who has the authority to tell anybody what they are? Somebody can label me a woman, but how do they know that I am? I was arbitrarily told that since I didn't have a penis, I was a girl. Maybe that's not how I feel. Maybe I'm a whole multitude of things, a multitude of genders. Maybe I'm no gender at all. Maybe I change."



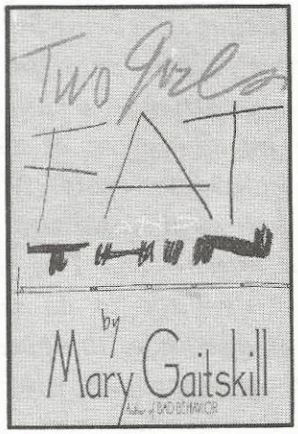


"I don't think it's any accident that lesbians and whores got thrown in together in the concentration camps. What they have in common is that they're both the most threatening to men.

"Sometimes I have this inner self that's kind of boy. And that's not being butch, there's a difference. Butch, to me, is an attitude, a character; it's an acting out of what society considers male. Most people look at me and say no, I'm not butch—and I'm not. Boy doesn't have to do with clothes or a walk, with appearance; it's not macho. Boy is how I feel. Boy is an essence, like shifting into another gear."



With prostitutes, they have the power to charge money for sex, they understand men's sexuality enough to put a price on it. And lesbians are powerful enough to reject it."



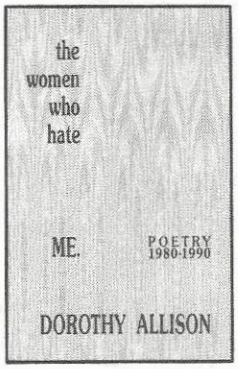
TWO GIRLS FAT AND THIN

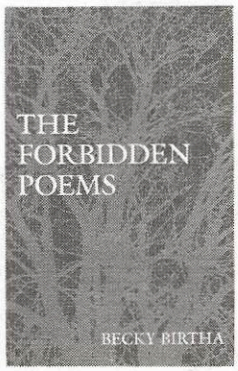
Mary Gaitskill
Poseidon Press, $18.95

Mary Gaitskill, that bird-like chronicler of damaged, urban misfits, has followed her short story collection, *Bad Behavior,* with a compelling, if slightly overwritten, novel. Of the eponymous two girls, Dorothy has every reason to be fucked up: bizarre appearance, memories of repeated rape by her father, and more than just a passing association with an Ayn Rand-inspired cult. The other girl, Justine, is not only thin but pretty, with "some pretense to fashion," a journalist, and formerly popular in high school. Underneath it all, they're both oddballs and Justine is considerably crazier than Dorothy.

When they meet (Justine interviews Dorothy for an article about the cult), a mutual fascination forms for reasons never quite clear, which is one of the book's weaknesses. Yet the bulk of the novel reveals Gaitskill's forte as she relates the two girls' childhoods and creates a merciless portrayal of teenage social life that makes you realize how seldom we tell the truth about those years. By the time the girls reach adulthood, they're drifting, emotional cripples, and Justine is entangled with a "rat-faced boy," a sexual sadist who doesn't believe in safe words. Unlike *Bad Behavior, Two Girls Fat and Thin* offers a penultimate shot at redemption and healing. It lies somewhere in the unchartered territory of intimacy between women—unchartered because the suggestion of a lesbian relationship is as far as this novel intends to go.

—Laura Miller





WANTING WOMEN: AN ANTHOLOGY OF EROTIC LESBIAN POETRY

Edited by Jan Hardy
Sidewalk Revolution Press, $9.95

the women who hate ME.

Dorothy Allison
Firebrand Books, $8.95

THE FORBIDDEN POEMS

Becky Birtha
The Seal Press, $10.95

These three very different books of poetry offer a chance to dip into an intimate smorgasbord of humor, rage, politics, and passion. *Wanting Women, an Anthology of Erotic Lesbian Poetry* is filled with passionate writing of the lustful, lesbian-libido kind, as well as the passionate emotional kind, about everyday lesbian life and loving. The poems range from celebrations of the quirks and intimacies of lovers, as in Susan D. Eschbach's "Lesbovines," in which her lover "moo"s to her in the morning, to celebrations of the bold, free and single womanspirit, in Marie Cartier's "Woman Sleeping Alone." "She reads late into the night./She smokes an occasional cigarette./Does not brush her teeth before bed./She has all the covers./She enjoys/ stretching/o u t."

Poems by Tee Corrine, Leslea Newman, Joan Nestle, and other familiar writers appear in the book along with soon-to-be-known poets, some making their writing debuts. The poems in this collection range from mild to sultry with suggestive and lovingly intimate being the general style. The variety of styles, forms, and erotic experience are accessible to the seasoned poet-lover as well as those who tend to take a more cautionary approach to this stuff.

In 1989 Dorothy Allison received the Lambda Book Award for her book of short stories, *Trash*. Continuing in her intense and highly readable style, the "expanded and revised edition" of *the women who hate ME* has fiery-tongued words exploding off the pages, tied together with the aching strings of an emotional heart full of passion and anger. In the title poem Allison writes, "The women who hate me deny/ hunger and appetite,/ the cream delight/ of a scream/ that arches the thighs and fills/ the mouth with singing." Allison celebrates and mourns the state of lesbian women in the world today, and wrestles with her own demons to create some understanding for herself and her readers.

Becky Birtha's first book, *The Forbidden Poems,* speaks about the need of the writer to write in order to remain sane and make sense of things. A compilation of poems previously published in various magazines and new poems, *The Forbidden Poems* weaves a sometimes anguished and always compassionate path through the life of this African-American author.

With honesty and sincerity, Birtha peels away the layers that cover her heart and spirit in an attempt to become herself. She says, in "The Healing Poem": "There is a healing power in the land./ When what you would change/ you cannot change,/ take tool to hand and/ work the earth...If you must leave the land,/ do not leave for long."

Reading Birtha's poetry is almost like reading a personal journal; the experiences seem to outweigh the art of the poetry, as if it were more important for her to communicate a message than to form the perfect poem. Yet she is a still-young writer and as she fine-tunes her craft, her words can be delivered with the sweet subtleness and electric explosiveness that this book hints at, but doesn't quite deliver.

—Mitchelle Tanner.

ASK FANNY *(continued from page 9)*

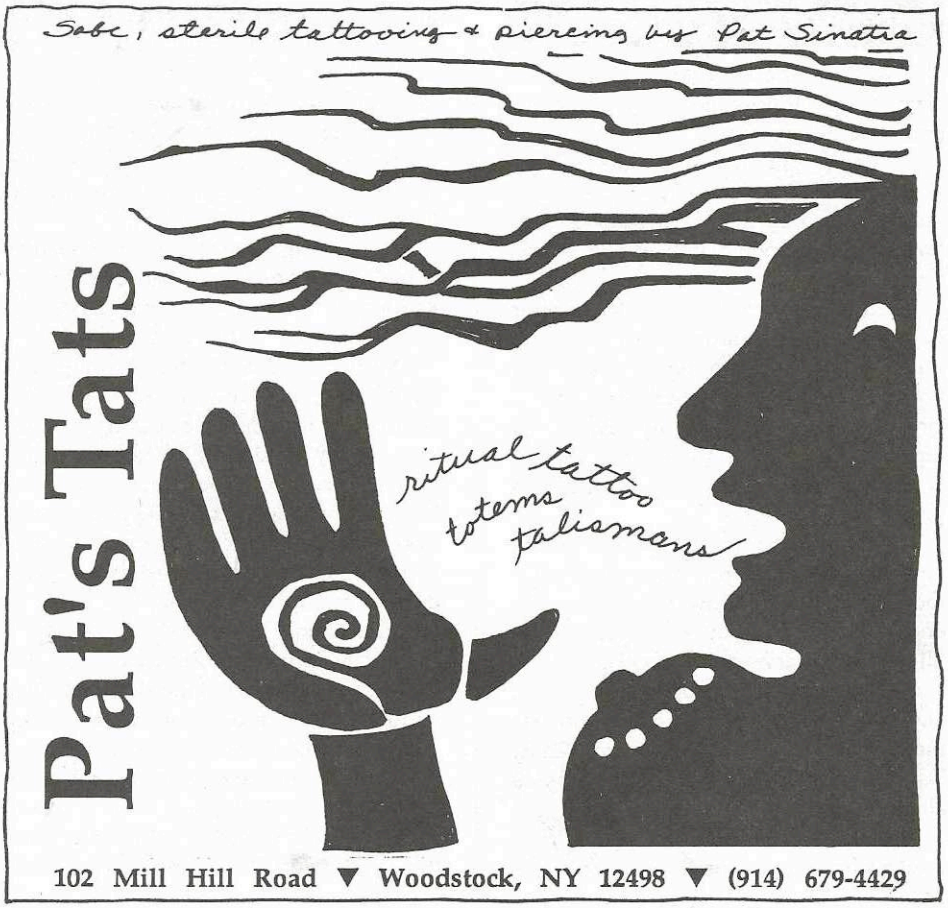
This tissue is capable of swelling with blood when aroused, similar in form and function to the erectile tissue in a penis. Located around this tissue are up to 32 paranthuetical glands. These are like mini-prostate glands in men and are believed to be the source of women's ejaculate.

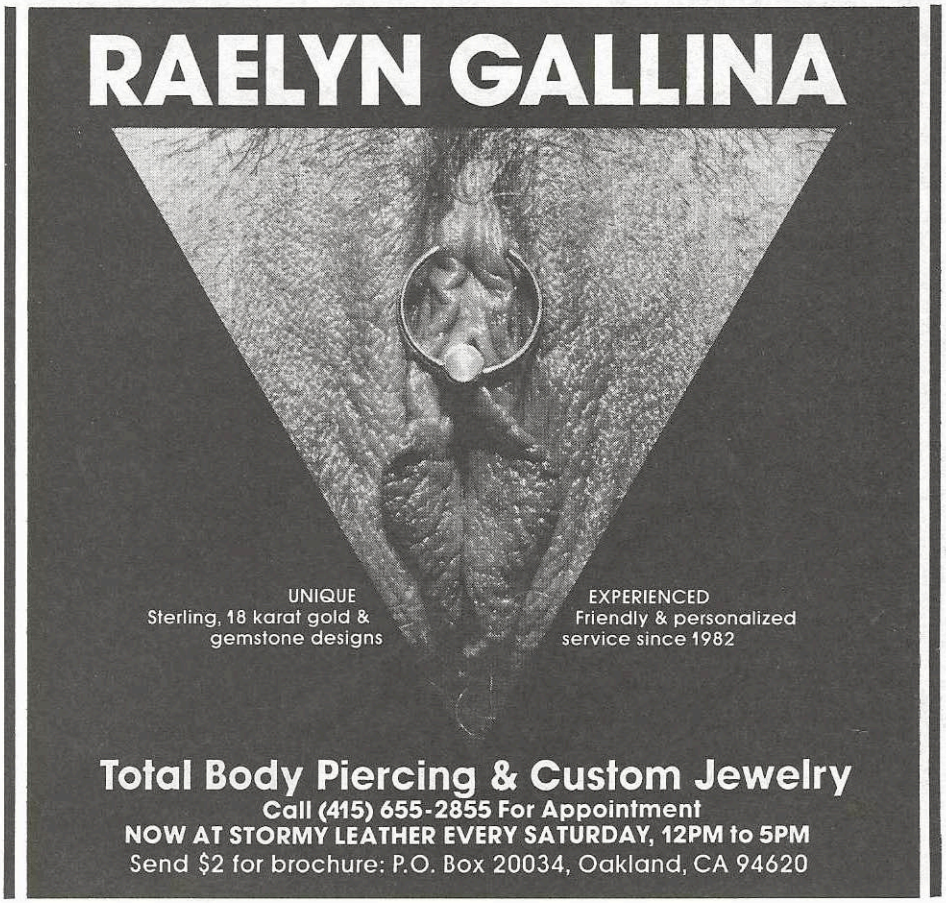
A fascinating book by Josephine Lowndes Sevely, a Harvard psychologist, *Eve's Secrets: A New Theory of Female Sexuality* exposes the historical medical cover-up of the clitoris' structure and capabilities, from Dutch anatomist Regnier de Graaf (1672) through modern times.

We can feel a small bump inside our vaginas get hard and swell when aroused. Called the G-spot, it is located a third of the way inside the vagina up toward your pubic hair. Not always easy to find, at first, some women have a hard time finding it even with the help of a G-spot attachment on their vibrators, and are still looking. Others find it right away and report it feels great when rubbed; so good, in fact, that it rockets them to orgasm. Some gals feel like they have to pee when it's stimulated directly with fingers. They often have a difficult time getting into the sensation because of *(gasp)* "urination anxiety." One needs to work past this uncomfortableness and turn it into pleasure. Actually, I suspect women are no more able to pee than a guy can when he is aroused and ready to ejaculate.

Some women indirectly stimulate their G-spot by getting fucked with a dildo. This is the long, slow build up you experienced which ignites in the toes, travels up the legs and then explodes. Unlike those quicker and lighter clitoral orgasms, a G-spot climax blows it all out in a drenching, exhausting cum! And blow you must. In order to ejaculate, you have to push out, like bearing down in childbirth, at just the right moment: approximately one third of the way into the orgasm itself. Timing the big push just right is the crucial key to ejaculating.

Your partner stroked just the right spot when she was fucking you from behind. Congratulations! You've added a new way to cum to your repertoire, not an everyday occurrence. By the way, while you're sitting proudly alongside your new wet spot in the bed, please read another excellent source of information, *The G-Spot,* by authors Ladas, Whipple and Perry. Rumor has it their research subjects were a group of lesbians from Florida. Δ


Safe, sterile tattooing & piercing by Pat Sinatra
Pat's Tats
ritual tattoo
totems
talismans
102 Mill Hill Road ▼ Woodstock, NY 12498 ▼ (914) 679-4429


RAELYN GALLINA
UNIQUE
Sterling, 18 karat gold & gemstone designs
EXPERIENCED
Friendly & personalized service since 1982
Total Body Piercing & Custom Jewelry
Call (415) 655-2855 For Appointment
NOW AT STORMY LEATHER EVERY SATURDAY, 12PM to 5PM
Send $2 for brochure: P.O. Box 20034, Oakland, CA 94620

FALL FOLIAGE *(continued from pg 29)*

"What the hell are you doing?" I exclaim as you follow me to the soft earth and straddle my hips.

"Guess," you reply in a rather preoccupied tone. Your open lips graze mine, your tongue darts inside but withdraws so swiftly that I immediately doubt it has been there.

Crimson leaves drop slowly on your back and on the ground beside us as you unzip my jacket and reach under my t-shirt. "Nice," you whisper, your fingers circling firmly around my hardening nipples. You stroke them until they're taut, until my cunt moistens, until I want you something fierce.

I should be surprised, but somehow I'm not. Maybe it's the way you always looked at me, you know, like I was good enough to eat and you were just waiting till you were starving. My blood is boiling; I reach up wordlessly, open your jacket and cup your large, hanging breasts through your sweater. They fill my hands, just like I knew they would, the nipples already tight with excitement.

"Yes," you hiss as I rush to tug your sweater from your jeans. I want your tits in my mouth so badly I can almost taste their sweetness. I pull your sweater up and suck in your ripe nipples, first one, then the other. You sag against me, your cunt pressed hard against my thigh.

"Hot?" you whisper as you reach down between my legs and squeeze my inflamed cunt through my jeans.

"Very," I agree with a moan. I need to come, and I press my hand over yours, keeping it there until a short, sharp orgasm rocks my body.

Your triumphant laughter brings me back down to earth. I brush a crisp, yellow leaf from my cheek and open my eyes, nearly blinded by the heat radiating from yours. I pull your head down and kiss you, my tongue exploring your mouth. You suck me in, circling my tongue with yours. I can feel how excited you are, and even though I just came, my need is undiminished.

I want to touch your breasts, to kiss them, to explore your naked cunt with my hands and mouth but you pin me to our bed of crushed leaves, your hips thrusting with increasing rapidity as you rub your cunt against my thigh. I hear a moan break in your throat as you come. Moments later you roll off me and fall back on the leaf-covered earth.

I stare up at the canopy of shedding trees and listen as your quick, harsh breathing moderates. I feel the sweat on my forehead and under my breasts grow uncomfortably cool in the chill fall air as I wait for you to speak, but you don't, not even after your breathing has returned to normal.

"That was nice," I say finally, turning on my side to look at you.

"Sure," you reply with casual disinterest, sitting up and closing your jacket.

"Nice enough for seconds," I add, just in case you didn't get my meaning.

My stomach flip-flops as you turn away from me in obvious rejection. My mind fills with questions, especially about what I'm supposed to do with my continued arousal. Maybe nothing's wrong; maybe you've just fallen asleep but somehow I don't think so. Your presence is too strong.

"What's the matter?" I ask finally as I move closer and put my arm around your shoulder.

"Nothing," you reply.

I place my mouth over yours and kiss you.

"Don't," you say, pushing me away.

"Why not?" I ask, shocked by your coldness.

"I don't know," you answer with a slight shrug. What's worse is you sound like you don't care.

"But we just got started, don't you want to finish?" I say with a bluntness born of frustration.

"No," you say as you zip up your jacket. "Not really."

"Why not?" I persist. Didn't you like it? Had one orgasm really been enough to quell your seemingly torrid desire?

You jump up and brush the leaves from your jeans. They shatter easily under your careless touch and fall to the ground.

"Can't we talk about this?" I ask hoarsely as I rise and absently brush leaves from my back and legs. "I mean, what happened? Did I do something to upset you?"

You frown and remove a leaf from your hair.

"What did I do?" I plead, reaching out to pick another leaf from the back of your collar.

"You let me love you," you whisper intensely.

My hand closes around the leaf and then freezes. I feel the waxy surface of the leaf under the pads of my fingertips, the scratchy cloth of your wool jacket against my exposed wrist. I exhale forcefully and shiver with renewed arousal as your hands

MANY TREATMENT CENTERS CLAIM THAT
THEY ARE 'GAY SENSITIVE' —

THIS IS WHAT THEIR PATIENTS SAY . . .

"THE ONLY GAY COUNSELOR WAS MORE CLOSETED THAN I WAS"
"THEY TOLD ME TO INTRODUCE MY LOVER AS MY ROOMMATE"
"GAY PROGRAMMING WAS ONLY 2 HOURS A WEEK"
"STAFF MEMBERS REVEALED MY HIV STATUS"
"PEOPLE REFUSED TO ROOM WITH ME"
"MY AFTERCARE REFERRAL WAS A STRAIGHT COUPLES GROUP"
"I WAS FORCED TO KEEP SECRETS ABOUT MY LIFE"
"I HAD TO TAKE OFF MY LABYRIS"
"OTHER PATIENTS WHISPERED AND POINTED AT US"

PRIDE INSTITUTE IS **STILL** THE ONLY INPATIENT/OUTPATIENT
TREATMENT CENTER EXCLUSIVELY FOR LESBIANS,
GAY MEN AND BI-SEXUAL PERSONS.
OUT IN FRONT OF CHEMICAL DEPENDENCY
TREATMENT FOR FIVE YEARS.

1-800-54-PRIDE

▽PRIDE INSTITUTE *WHERE BEING QUEER IS THE NORM*

touch my breasts once more, as your fingers fondle my nipples.

"And I'll let you love me again, too," I reply heatedly, reaching out for you.

"No, no," you say harshly, your hands dropping from my breasts. "I can't."

"But we already did, so what's wrong with doing it again?" I ask, stuffing my hands into my pockets to stop myself from touching you.

"It's just that I want you too much," you say quietly, your face troubled.

"Well, that's nice to hear," I say, attempting a smile. I let the leaf drop from my hand and touch your cheek with my palm, then run the tips of my fingers across your lips. You jerk your head away as if you'd been burned.

This is too much for me, I think. Yes/no, up/down, hot/cold. You're neither here nor there, with me or without me. Why can't you make up your mind and love me or not, want me or not. I want to bury my hands mouth tongue in you, give you my wetness, take yours in return. I want a fair exchange, that's all. Is that too much to ask?

"Look, you started it," I say somewhat bitterly, bending to retrieve my leaf, staring at its unblemished crimson surface.

"I never said I didn't," you reply at once. "But I thought you'd refuse."

Refuse an attractive woman like you? One with eyes that wanted me the way yours did? "Why should I?" I ask, confused.

"Because of Ali."

My lover. Shit.

"I mean, I was attracted to you the minute we met, but I didn't think I stood a chance," you continue, hugging yourself tightly against the rising wind, or maybe to fend off your increasing misery. "And I didn't really mean to make a pass, but when you kept tripping uphill and falling all over me, I just couldn't help myself."

"But it's okay—Ali doesn't mind," I reassure you. Hell, if that's all that's wrong I can set your mind at ease right away, and then we can get back to more of that delicious touching. The leaf slips unnoticed from my hand for a second time. "I mean, Ali and I have this arrangement where we both see other women. We're not monogamous..."

"I am," you interrupt.

Oops.

"I really am," you repeat for good measure.

Hey, wait, you aren't with anybody are you? What does being monogamous have to do with it? "But you're single," I point out.

"You're not."

"I told you, it doesn't matter."

"I can't do it. I mean, I shouldn't have done it. It was wrong," you say with such finality that I know you really mean it.

"I don't agree with you, but..." I say with a shrug of defeat, sure now that I'll never get to kiss you till our lips swell or lick you all over or spend hours sucking on your tits until you explode or delve into your cunt with fingers and tongue or come on your tits, your thigh, your hand, your face. I stare down at the ground, hardly noticing my leaf as it lies abandoned just inches from my boot.

"I have to go," you say.

Maybe we should talk about it some more I suggest, not wanting you to leave, not wanting to lose my last hope of convincing you to stay with me and finish what we've started. Can't you see that we're still in each other's systems, that it will take more than that before we're both sated?

"I don't want to talk about it," you state.

"But..."

You push me aside and rush past. I watch open-mouthed as you disappear down the path, the thick foliage taking you captive, protecting you from my frustrated eyes.

"Damn!"

I sit back down in the leaves, noting with disgust that I'd trampled my leaf, broken it in two when I'd moved to let you by. How typical, I think as I lay back and slide my hand inside the waistband of my jeans and stroke my needy, wet, swollen clit. What's the world coming to when you can't even have a little affair anymore, when you have to do everything for yourself and in the end, you've got nothing to show for it, not even a lousy leaf to slip rather sentimentally between the pages of a book even though (to be honest) you probably won't think to open it again for two, three, four years, if ever? But then again, so what? I mean, do I really want to be reminded how easily she reached inside, took the best and then walked away from it as if it was nothing?

Fat chance, I think, bringing the heel of my boot down hard on the remains of the leaf, crushing it into a million pieces just as I myself shatter into dissolution with the best orgasm I've had in months. Δ

Gauntlet INC.

GAUNTLET MAIL ORDER SERVICE
1201 Old County Road, Unit #3F, Belmont, CA 94002
Phone (415) 592-9715 FAX (415) 592-1986
For catalog, send $3 and signed statement of age
(must be 21 or older)

GAUNTLET RETAIL STORES & PIERCING SERVICES
2377 Market at Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114
Open 7 days, 11 to 6 (9 PM Thur. & Fri.) (415) 431-3133
8720 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069
Mon.–Sat., 11 to 7 (9 PM on Thur.) (213) 657-6677

HOT STUFF

NEW CARDS FOR WOMEN

Handmade designs of leather and lipstick with words of romance and daring innuendo

$18.95 for set of six and free catalog to:

HOT STUFF GRAPHICS

P.O. Box 1443 • 161 Commercial St. • Provincetown, MA 02657

FESTIVAL '92

WOMEN'S MOTORCYCLE

THE EVENT
August, 1992

THE NEWSLETTER
Chrome Rose's Review

THE VIDEO
Women's Motorcycle Festival '88
$39.95

Write: 7 Lent Avenue, LeRoy, N.Y. 14482 (716) 768-6054

TOUCHING WOMEN'S LIVES WITH PLEASURE

Natural Body Care Products plus Sensuous Toys for Women

Get ready for love with over 300 products that are sensuous, luxurious, pleasurable, cruelty- free (no animal products), and fun.

The best. Simply. It's all your body wants.

Send your name and address to:
In Harmony — I, P.O. Box DDD, Albuquerque, NM 87196

OPERA LOVERS *(continued from pg 31)*

She must have sensed my eyes on her perfectly molded bare shoulders and alluring cleavage because she turned her head in my direction and stared until I looked away. Despite my carefully chosen clothes—the best I owned—and my make-up, applied with restraint and sophistication, I felt like a bumbling, horny high-school kid, sitting there with my red face. I became even more determined to find another seat as soon as the overture began.

As the last of the houselights dimmed, I scouted the area for a new seat. Suddenly, with one quick and graceful movement, the blonde slid into the seat beside me. She flashed a splendid smile and asked, "Is this seat taken?" Her voice was like honeyed brandy, with a hint of a continental accent. Combined with her smile, it sent pangs of delight shooting through my cunt. It was all I could do to shake my head and keep my jaw from dropping into her lap.

As the maestro strutted to the podium, I clapped like a madwoman, though I'd never heard of the man, to relieve some of the nervous excitement generated by this woman's presence. As the overture began, I settled back and tried to quiet my breathing. This was difficult, drawn as my eyes were to her ample bosom, half of which poured over the top of her fine silk gown like a swollen river flooding its banks after a rainstorm. The smell of her perfume was rare and expensive, the faintest insinuation of orange becoming musk becoming woman. My cunt was a veritable wellspring; it was all I could do not to reach under my skirt.

As if the music had telegraphed my thoughts to her, she turned to look at me again, this time with an unmistakable hunger in her eye. She smiled slowly and began running a pink, snake-like tongue over her lips as I moved my eyes unashamedly up and down her exquisite body. I was fighting a powerful urge to lean over and kiss her full red mouth when I felt the lightest brush against the side of my leg. One of her eyebrows lifted questioningly. I nodded my head slightly and pressed my leg against the source of the touch.

I was sure those fingers moved more deftly than those of the first violinist, who was just then coaxing an astounding glissando from his instrument. Her caress moved over my thigh like music, rising and falling, pressing and withdrawing in perfect symmetry to the magnificent

sounds filling the hall. There was a world of passion, tenderness, violence and longing in her fingers as they rendered the melody into flesh. Not one note went whispering or soaring through that immense room that she didn't translate into palpable contact on my tingling skin.

I hardly noticed the moment her fingers moved inward, over the soft skin of my inner thigh. Then upward, grazing softly—two lambs, maybe three—beneath the flimsy texture of my panties, through the damp tangle, between the puffy lips, finally into the wet heat inside. I began gasping in lust and panic: How could I bear it without so much as a moan, without crying out, shrieking like a banshee?

"Hush," she said in her syrupy voice. "Think of the music, yes, the music. And look at me. Look at me."

I took one long, ragged breath and lifted my head from where it had fallen onto her impossibly smooth, fragrant shoulder. A nervous glance down reassured me that my coat still covered my lap and the rhythmic explorations of her hand.

"At me, *cherie*. And don't forget the music, ah yes."

I looked into her face with apprehension, afraid I'd freeze, that I wouldn't be able to come with her eyes on me. They were immense and deep green, two oceans opening up before me, inviting me to lose myself in them. Where I'd expected to feel intimidated by her beautiful face, I felt soothed instead.

"Listen," she whispered.

The contralto was just beginning her first aria. It was a powerful voice, even in its tenderness, supported by tenuous, moody orchestration at first. The singer's voice circled softly, then fell upon my ear in a sweet, golden timbre, just as my mysterious lover's touch circled my center of sensation before settling on top. As the music became more passionate and insistent, the contralto pierced and penetrated into the heart of the sound; likewise, those skilled fingers became more demanding, penetrating more deeply into my molten flesh, pulling back with each breath the singer took, only to launch a fresh assault with each new note, stronger than the one before. All the while I stared into those huge green eyes.

As the music teased around an impending climax, only to pull back reflectively for a time, so did my mystery woman. She controlled her touches carefully, limiting my sensations, giving me time to see the extremes of my hunger before actually taking me there. Her fingers dipped playfully then moved up to the pulsing, swollen apex, spreading the boiling juices she swam in.

Finally it seemed as if both of us, the singer and I, were nearing our respective pinnacles. My lovely friend narrowed her eyes momentarily as if in determination and began a new, more regular movement of her hand inside of me. As her fingers plunged, her thumb made harder, smaller circles over my exposed, throbbing clitoris. The music in my ears worked its way down to meet the music she made with her hand, now embedded deeply in my cunt, as it licked upward in fiery insistence, until the vortex in my belly was almost more than I could bear. When I thought I would explode from sheer stimulation, the singer began her final ascent to the top of her voice, and I began mine. Great shuddering waves moved through me; I wanted desperately to close my eyes and keep them selfishly to myself. Yet I managed to keep my wide, begging eyes focused on the blonde's until the last note and the last wave died away.

"Beautiful," she murmured, looking from me to the stage and back again. "Just beautiful."

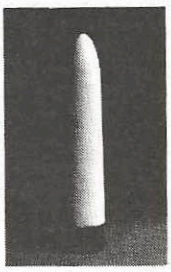
Carefully she removed her hand while my foaming flesh involuntarily squeezed, trying to capture it inside. She daintily withdrew a handkerchief from a small beaded bag and wiped away every trace of my delirium. Then she turned from me, and we both joined in the thunderous applause.

She didn't look at me again for the entire first act. When the intermission finally arrived, she got up and moved quickly and noiselessly down the stairs and out the exit. I waited a moment, then followed, enjoying what I thought was a little game of cat-and-mouse, expecting her to be waiting for me somewhere. She wasn't in the line for the ladies' room; I waited for each and every stall to empty out, to no avail. She wasn't at either of the two bars. Nor was she outside.

A little crestfallen, though still floating on residual bliss, I returned to my seat. As the lights dimmed and the curtain rose for the second act, I had resigned myself to never seeing her again.

Suddenly I saw her rushing up the stairs. She sat down in the section to my right, next to a thin young woman with a rather startled expression on her face. As the house darkened and the stage lights came up, the blonde turned to face the young woman and smiled. Δ

AFTERNOON DELIGHT



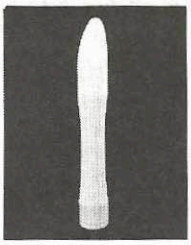
SOFT TOUCH

The Soft Touch, built exclusively to our (and our customers') specifications. The shaft is encased in the softest, most flexible latex made in the world today — latex that conforms to your unique body shape and temperatures. The battery-powered motor is remarkably quiet and delivers continuous power. As an added feature, The Soft Touch is multi-speed, so you can adjust the vibrations to the frequency you desire. Overall, it is one of the best-quality vibrators you can buy — so well constructed we guarantee each for a lifetime. 8 inches long. **Reg. ~~$29.95~~ Introductory price $9.95.**

CARESS

At last! A vibrator made of latex so soft, so irresistibly fleshlike, and so amazingly flexible you'll swear it's the real thing! The new Caress is soft, lightly textured and the most natural feeling vibrator we've ever tested. It's variable-speed, so you can adjust the vibrations from a teasing flutter to a pulse-pounding thrill. 7 inches long. **Reg. ~~$26.95~~ Introductory price $11.95.**

SAVE: Buy both vibrators for $15.95!



THE PENETRATOR

A slim-line vibrator that is a multi-speed powerhouse! The Penetrator boasts a full 7" length . . . but just 1" width. It has a smooth, uniquely tapered tip that seems to seek out tight, hard-to-reach spots, treating them to pleasure vibes that can go from a slow purr to a hungry throb by a twist at the base. Safe, smooth plastic unit. **Reg. ~~$19.95~~ Now $9.95.**

SPECIAL BONUS OFFER! Save $9.90 and get all three vibrators for $21.95!

FREE GIFT OFFER!

With any vibrator order from this ad, we will send you a free copy of Electric Ecstasy, an all-new photo-illustrated guide that explains in detail how to get the maximum sexual satisfaction from your vibrator! A $4.95 value.

Money-back Guarantee On All Products.

SORRY WE CANNOT ACCEPT CASH

Adam & Eve P.O. Box 900, Dept. OB3 Carrboro, NC 27510

- ☐ #1475 Soft Touch ..... $ 9.95
- ☐ #6148 Caress Vibrator $11.95
- ☐ #1501 Both Vibrators $15.95
- ☐ #2075 The Penetrator ..... $ 9.95
- ☐ #1479 All 3 Vibrators $21.95
- ☐ #1652 Free Photo Book ..... $ 2.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON ALL ITEMS

SEXPOINT *(continued from page 15)*

Immediately she tuned into my being there. See, wearing a fuschia business suit does help! Actually, the fact that I was the only woman there and the only one able to carry on an intelligent conversation with her (while all the men thought they were looking at a real live Barbie doll—all curves but no working mouth) was a real bonus. She was everything I wanted her to be. I bought the obligatory video in order to get a Polaroid with her. My pleasure. Twenty-five bucks for a still with a goddess. While I had her in my arms, she turned to the guys in the store and sighed, "Oh, I love posing with girls! You guys know how much I love girls!" She gave me a real quick slip of the tongue. I wanted to be horizontal with her but the table at the store was kinda gross. She wrote on the video box that "you and I is trouble." Hey, they don't pay her to be grammatically correct.

I still cherish that Polaroid. I knew I was onto something hot and special: Polaroids of porno stars. And not just of them—with me in there to say, "Yeah, I been there. I met her."

I thought Tori was great. She was. But she was topped by my encounter with the queen of pornography, Erica Boyer. Aahhh.

There is a real dearth of quality strip joints in Boston. The things you hear about the Brahmins and the Puritans are unfortunately true. On the other hand, a forty-five minute drive to Providence, Rhode Island, brings you to The Foxy Lady; a clean, casino-like place that has an ongoing party atmosphere. Erica was going to be stripping there, although only down to her G-string, another Puritan leftover law that still sits on the books. Still the temptation to see her was too great to pass up.

She performed her show with the strength and agility she is known for both on film and in person. Afterwards, though, was the real treat.

She posed for the regular het pictures, letting a few smarmy men do with her what they wanted to. After the riff-raff had their time, I wandered over to the Photo Pit while the attention was focused on some guy getting a soapy shower from a pleasantly bodacious dancer.

Her eyes lit up when I approached her for a picture. She exclaimed how much she loves it when girls come to see her and I proceeded to hike up my skirt to show her thigh high nylons. She adeptly slid her hand towards the front of my sweltering slash and just couldn't wait to have the Polaroid taken. We rocked back on the sofa, with me pulling her G-string away and both of us flashing a pussy shot for the anxious photographer. She continued to hug and kiss me while we stumbled off the sofa.

She reached down and pulled off her G-string while we continued talking. Before I knew it, she was autographing her lovely scented G-string to me! What a thrill! I continue to sleep with it straddling my pillow although I would rather have her body straddling my face.

Several months had passed and I managed to take a brief vacation to San Francisco. One of my first purchases when I arrived to the West Coast was the newspaper to see who was performing at the strip clubs there. My temperature rose as I planned my visit to the New Century Theater? to see HER—Erica Boyer!

I went to the theater in the afternoon and saw the obligatory dancers before Erica came on. She dances like every aerobics instructor wishes they could. Fast and slow, and I was as hard as most of the men in the audience. I hoped she would recognize me from the stage and ask me to dance, but no such luck. Another dream passes into the fantasy category.

Afterwards I waited in line for Polaroids in the "Star's Dressing Room." It looked as if Mae West was staying there with all the glitter and satin. The door opened, she glanced at me and did a double take. "What are you doing here?" she shrieked. I told her I flew there just to see her. I hoped she believed me.

We posed our sorority sisters pose: two girls, one naked, on the sofa. As I wondered what other poses we could do, she thought of the next ones in an instant. How about her standing and me circling her perfect tit with my tongue? I couldn't stand it! We saved the best for last. I sat up on the sofa and she laid back, threw her legs open to give the photograph an extra pussy shot and tongued my wet labes the way she does with all her favorite girls, but for just a moment. Damn, there goes one of those dreams-for-fantasy swaps again! But at least it was captured on film.

We chatted for several minutes afterward and she proceeded to give me her business card with her phone number. I've called her several times, hoping to have her come to Boston (and stay with me) but she hasn't called me back. So Erica, if you read this, I sure am sick of those dreams-for-fantasy deals... Δ

JANE DeLYNN *(continued from pg 22)*

It's almost easier to sleep with someone that hasn't been gay very long. The hardest people to pick up are real, true, honest-to-God dykes that really hang out in bars.

LP: Why?

JD: I don't know. They're in a clique and it's harder to meet them.

LP: So if a woman identifies as lesbian or bisexual or straight, it doesn't matter to you, as long as you're attracted to her?

JD: No. I tend to be attracted to women who aren't really gay. I think there's a hardened aspect to gay women. It's the whole attitude thing that dykes strike in the bars. It really puts me off. It's probably not as bad as it was a few years ago. It was copied from gay male attitude. It was about stylization—not style—and everybody doing the same thing. It was the dyke version of what fags did in the 70s.

SS: At the the end of your book, Don Juan is walking on the pier remembering watching men fucking there and she says: "I would envy the calm purity of utter degradation, and cursed the slowness, the laziness, the inefficiency, the cowardice and hypocrisy of women—so desirous of the amenities of conversation and a nice clean bed, a history for a face that would somehow provide romantic justification for that utterly simple desire to explore the wet insides of another's body. For I had taken the promise of our liberation seriously."

JD: I'm of two minds about it really. I guess I find women mysterious, that's the thing. They really seem different. I'm not interested in men. I can sort of understand men better because I sometimes think about women the way a man does. But men seem simple, like dogs. They're a little more upright and honest. They're like dogs and you pet them but women are mysterious. They were mysterious when I watched them play with dolls when I was young. I was a tomboy so I could understand the urge of guys to play baseball because I liked to. But I did not understand the urge of women to play with dolls.

SS: Do you experience yourself as a man or a woman?

JD: As a woman, but as a different kind. I guess I like the image of being different because it's arousing to be the other. I don't date Jews and I'm Jewish. It's something about the other. I tend to date blonde people a lot.

LP: Why blondes?

JD: In the 50s, I went to movies every Saturday afternoon and watched the "good" blondes on the screen. The dark haired women were the evil ones. I liked my opposite.

The other way of looking at it is that I grew up feeling being gay was abnormal, so I wanted to have the most normal image I could find. And being in America that was the blue-eyed blonde.

SS: What was it like being in Saudi Arabia, covering the Gulf war on assignment for *Mirabella* magazine?

JD: [The war] wasn't about oil. It was just about American power, kicking butt, and George Bush's prick. It was either a great intelligence failure or a great disinformation success.

Being over there, I saw how incredibly stupid men are. You could seduce journalists by giving them a ride in an airplane. They'd suck up to the military with incredible childishness. It really nauseated me. And I had mixed feelings about women being in the army. They often said that they were better soldiers than men and I believed them, but they were brainwashed. I don't believe anyone in the military anymore, so I don't want gays in it or anyone else for that matter. I find the army disgusting and their whole system of oppression disgusting. I wasn't aroused by any toys of war.

I didn't run across any gay soldiers who were out, even if I said I was gay. The women all look butch even though they have children and husbands.

LP: When did you come out?

JD: I've never understood what the words "come out" mean. You mean when did I first have sex or told people that I was gay?

LP: Both.

JD: I think I always knew I was gay. I didn't know the words for it, but I felt there was something the matter. I felt abnormal and I had to pretend to be like regular people because there was something really wrong.

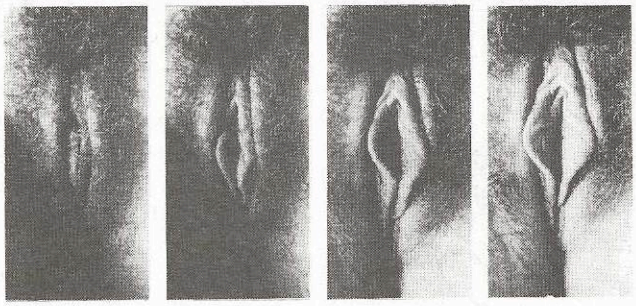
I had my first affair with a woman when I was a senior in high school. It was with one of my teachers and it became the subject of my second novel, *In Thrall.*

SS: I had the same teacher when I was at Hunter High School in New York City! Only I didn't sleep with her.

LP: Well, was it hot or was it a dud?

JD: It was really fucked up because she was very repressed and couldn't deal with it at all and that didn't help me very much. I resolved that I just couldn't handle it and then I didn't sleep with another woman for five years.

Give your special someone...



"Her" Erection

Four beautiful black and white photos printed on a rosie mauve background, on high quality Teton textured paper 14" x 20". Each poster $15.00, $3.50 for shipping and ins. Add 50¢ shipping for each add. poster ordered. Europe: add $8.00 for postage, $2.00 for each add. poster ordered. Money order in U.S. dollars only. Allow 2 weeks for delivery. Make check or money order out to Prinny Alavi, 180 Thompson St. N.Y., N.Y. 10012. ALAVI PRODUCTIONS All rights reserved © 1991

"They stickied up the sultry nights, those tropic nights, wallowing, throbbing, teeth bared and eyes rolling."

Shitkickers
& Other Texas Stories

by Carolyn Weathers

An unforgettable glimpse at the Gay life in San Antonio before Stonewall....

Check your bookstores or order from
Clothespin Fever Press
5529 N. Figueroa, Los Angeles, CA 90042
(213) 254-1373

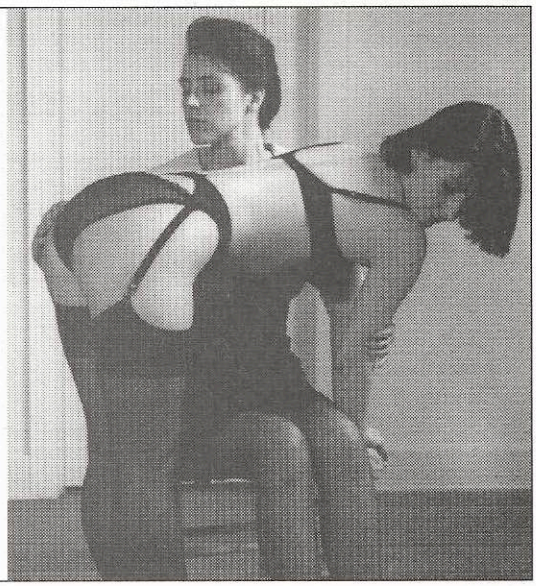
$7.95

I loved it -- Tee Corinne

ISBN:0-616572-6-x

Elegant Spanking Erotica

Stand Corrected #10 is 48 pages of sheer spanking bliss for the over the knee enthusiast. New female-spanks-female fiction and photos in the current issue! Plus drawings, letters, articles and hundreds of super hot personal ads! Send $12.95 for recent issue and large, exciting spanking video catalog to:
Shadow Lane-OB
P.O. Box 1910
Studio City, CA 91614- 0910
Articles, illustrations and photos sought from Lesbian writers and artists into spanking!



BLUE
calendar

San Francisco **1992**

photo © Nina Glaser

Blue Calendar 1992 is a queer calendar and addressbook featuring recent work by provocative San Francisco photographers and graphic artists, several of whom have appeared in *On Our Backs*.

Blue Calendar is 192 pages and small enough (4.25" x 5.5") to fit in a coat or pants pocket. Forget other calendars and addressbooks, this combines both, you can take it with you anywhere, and it's hot.

Blue Calendar includes:

- weekly spreads with lunar calendar, strange quotations, and lots of room to write.
- 50 full-page and 30 small photographs, cartoons, and graphics messing with body politics, queer themes, history, erotica.

© Jessica Tanzer

San Francisco artists featured:

Daniel Nicoletta
Nina Glaser
Tracy Mostovoy
Jessica Tanzer
Micheal Rosen
Kris Kovick
Steven Baratz
Rodney Austin
Warick May
Dana Porras
Isa Massu
and others...

© Jessica Tanzer

Blue Calendar 1992 will be in bookstores. To order by mail, send a check for $13.75 for one calendar, for two calendars $24.500, for three or more send $10.50 per calendar to:

Herrlich Productions
2336 Market St. #10
San Francisco, CA 94114

(Prices include shipping in USA, CA residents add 7.5% sales tax.)
10% of proceeds from calendar sales will be donated to AIDS prevention or treatment

© Micheal Rosen

LP: A pop psychologist might say that your first experience with a woman was negative and unfulfilling and therefore your desire for straight women and antipathy for lesbians stems from this first affair.

JD: I don't hate lesbians! I can give testimonials from a long list of women I've slept with who were extremely pleased and happy. I just don't like hypocrites and that goes for straight people too. I can be more angry at lesbians simply because they seem like the people I should be closer too. The lesbians are always talking about unity and meanwhile they'll stab you to death!

For example, one of the plays I wrote was called "The Cowgirl and the Blonde." The East End Gay Organization, which was a sort of Gays of the Hamptons, used to have a benefit every year and do a bunch of short plays at South Hampton College. When this play was performed, in '82 or '84, the women walked out. They were outraged because there was some violence between the female characters. Nobody would talk to me, it was really weird. I overheard all the complaints about this play.

LP: What's been the critics' response to your other novels?

JD: *In Thrall* got attacked because it was about a student-teacher relationship. The setting was before gay liberation so I couldn't write it from a gay lib perspective. I couldn't even use the word "gay" because it wasn't used then. I was trying to capture what life was like before Stonewall, and what it was like to think that you were the only lesbian in the world.

It was attacked in *The New York Times* by Bertha Harris, who attacked *Don Juan* in the *Times* just recently. She wrote *The Joy of Lesbian Sex* and a few other novels which were published a long time ago. She's pretty unattractive although I assume she has had sex at least once. Harris said the student-teacher relationship was totally unrealistic. Well, there's nothing unrealistic about it. I know lots of lesbians who had affairs with their teachers.

LP: How does all of this criticism affect you? The critics, not to mention lesbian feminists, are constantly panning your work.

JD: Oh, the lesbian feminists are the worst. My inspiration is to say 'fuck you.' When people kick me when I'm down, I can get depressed but very often it just fuels my determination. Obviously it would be great to be loved by everybody but there's a danger in it. It makes you scared to strike out. When everybody says that you're crap, it gives you more of a 'fuck you' attitude and you feel free. You can write about the stuff you really want to because people aren't going to like it anyway.

LP: How autobiographical is *Don Juan in the Village*?

JD: [Laughs] Well, I've had sex at least once. Some of the incidents are fairly autobiographical, some were just the seeds of incidents which I expanded on, and some were simply imagined, like the chapter "Fame," where Don Juan meets the movie star in the bar. I live in New York, so there were always rumors that so-and-so famous person had come to The Duchess. And I used to wonder what would happen if I met somebody really famous in a bar. Much of it's autobiographical, but true to my mind rather than my actions.

SS: What about the stories where you're paying women to have sex with you. Is that a real life experience?

JD: I once paid someone some money but she turned out to be straight and had never done this before. I had to get quaaludes so she could sleep with a woman. I ended up trying to give her an orgasm the whole time. I think I once slept with someone who I thought was a prostitute but I didn't pay her. I hid my wallet before she came in the door. I'd never done that before.

LP: The chapter "Butch," about Don Juan's one night stand with a fat woman, opens with this line: "She was so ugly I found her attractive, though of course I didn't want anybody to see me with her." I don't know if this specific scene is autobiographical—

JD: [Laughs] That is certainly *not* autobiographical! Definitely not.

LP: But it touches on what I think is a universal feeling, which is difficult to discuss—experiencing an attraction and repulsion in the same breath.

JD: That's a concept I'm interested in. If you're really repulsed by someone it has a big charge to it. And I'm not the only one who's felt that way. Disgust and attraction are very close together. Another way of looking at it is, the conventional notion of what's attractive or disgusting versus what we really feel.

LP: What kind of women are you attracted to?

JD: Pretty conventional, I have to say.

LP: Do you go for femmes?

JD: Yeah, I guess so. It's not a word I usually use.

SS: In *Don Juan* there are incidents of half-sex. The other woman loses interest

or turns over to the man or won't get up and fetch the vibrator. After all that pursuit.

JD: Well, I guess it's about something not being utterly satisfying. You know. some people have single orgasms and some people can have more orgasms. I think straight women come differently than gay women.

SS: In what way?

JD: Once, big. Like men.

SS: I've noticed that myself. It's that their learned sexual rhythms are patterned after men's. So when you start out with them, that's their pattern. After a while, they can learn to get to a place where the rhythm is more defined by their own bodies. It's not so reactive. I say that because I have had too much experience with straight women.

JD: Yeah, they are different that way. But when you're multi-orgasmic it's hard to know when to stop. Sometimes I don't stop. Δ

CLIT CULTURE *(continued from page 11)*

don't have to keep our hands to ourselves. We don't have to bite back the words that only intended to tell another woman that we desire her and want to please her.

Say yes to sex. You have a right to more pleasure, and so does every woman you know. Next time you write down one of your sexy fantasies, don't shred it and throw it in the garbage or hide it in your desk drawer. Put it under your girlfriend's pillow or tuck it behind the visor in her car. When you finally succeed in fastening up those skin tight jeans, think about what kind of trouble you're looking for that night, and stick the appropriate hanky in the appropriate pocket. Buy a dozen boxes of latex gloves, a case of water-based lube, a gross of white bar towels, a plastic sheet and 100 Olivia DeBerardinis cards, and invite everyone in your little black book to a horizontal dance party. And the next time some oh-so-winsome girl winds her fingers in your hair, licks your neck, and purrs, "Is there anything I can do for *you,* sugar?" don't say, "I have to make sure my alarm is set." Say, "You betcha," and show her what your jones is.

I'm not saying that you should agree to have sex with women who don't interest you or endure activities that don't get you wet. But can't you think of at least one time in your life when you wish you'd said yes or at least maybe? Don't cheat yourself again. A sexual proposition is not an insult. Even if you really do have a headache, a little sex might make you feel better. Δ

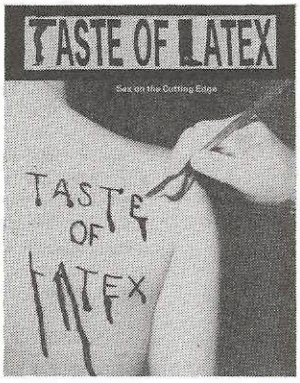
SPANKING & FETISH VIDEOS

• • •

Illustrated catalog available.

Send $5.00 (Refunded with first order) and state age to: Redboard Video-OB, P.O. Box 2069, San Francisco, CA 94126

It's here, it's ***extreme***-ly queer, it's...



TASTE OF LATEX

The OMNISEXUAL sexzine

- Thought-provoking, drool-inspiring fiction, photos, how-to's, reviews & more!
- Female edited and published.

WARNING: Contents may be kinky, campy, gender-bent and taboo-breaking!

$5 sample ($7US foreign) **$18** 4-issue sub ($25US foreign) plus signed age statement (18 and older) to **TOL** P.O. Box 460122 Dept. OB1, San Francisco, CA 94146

*** Submissions wanted! Send SASE for guidelines ***

SPARTACUS ENTERPRISES

THE COMPLETE LEATHER AND ADULT TOY STORE

Custom Leathers
Fine Lingerie
Naughty Gifts
Cards
Whips, Crops, Paddles
Restraint Systems

To order our new catalog, send $5.00 with your name and address to:

∞

Spartacus Enterprises
300 S.W. 12th Ave.
Portland, Oregon 97205

∞

Phone Orders: 1-800-666-2604
FAX: 1-503-224-5509
Open: Mon. thru Sat. 10:00AM to 9:00PM

$5.00 catalog price applied to any purchase of $25.00 or more

ON OUR BACKS Sapphone

BUTCH/FEMME

PHILADELPHIA COUPLE
Bizarre delightful pair—severe sharp-eyed butch and young kitten curvaceous femme—seek attractive brunette femme, 20-33, for menage á trois. We're safe, considerate, sensuously skilled and down & dirty. Send photo: yours gets ours. ☎ 1196

BOSTON OR BEYOND
Tall strange Femme artist seeks a match in body and mind. 30+ butch or androgynous. Are you strange enough to take me and smart enough to keep me? Needed: a powerful mind, heart, and arm. ☎ 1197

DOMINATE FEMME
South Florida GW Lady seeks submissive femme. Imagine two soft attractive women in black silk or leather. Discreet, healthy, professionally stable, loyal, financially independent, erotic and beauty a must! Waiting. Send photo. ☎ 1198

ROMANTIC NEW YORK BUTCH
If you're a young femme who likes: romance the way it used to be, taking things slow, and unconditional monogamy (when the time is right) then let's get to know one another.
☎ 1199.

STUD SEEKS FUCK BUDDIES
The butchier the better, any age. Let's talk smut, wrestle, fuck, and cruise So. California with our strap-ons bulging inside tight jeans. Please, no drugs or S/M. ✍ 834. ☎ 1200.

BLACK LEATHER AND MUSIC...
are two of my loves. Women are my first. Very hot top looking for a bottom. Must be as beautiful as you are passive. Brown eyes a bonus. Don't hesitate. Send a photo. ☎ 1201.

STOP! READ THIS AD
Wanted: Hot looking femme who can take my lesbian cock while I spank your ass. Imagination, masturbation, and a love of poetry a must. Novices welcomed. Me: a wild, bitchy, blonde who has yet to be claimed. ☎ 1202.

IOWA BUTCH SEEKS FEMME
Young butch seeks femme bottom for possible relationship. Not into heavy S/M, drugs, or heavy drinking. Loves leather, music, motorcycles, outdoors, and sweet sensitive young women. Cum and rub my bulge. Photo optional. ✍ 839. ☎ 1203.

DYKE BITCH IN HEAT
Pretty, blonde, 26, soft and curvy green-eyed femme hungers for the butch of her wet dreams. You: powerful, leather, hair—short/dark, my opposite. You take me, I take you. Absolutely no inhibitions! ☎ 1204.

YOUNG MISTRESS EAST COAST
Adventurous young femmes wanted for friendship (no relationship) with healthy, bisexual, tattooed, feminine, open-minded model, early 20s. Loves leather, chiffon, roses, lingerie. In DC/VA/MD area. Will correspond with all. ☎ 1205.

SUBMISSIVE, BUTCH AND LONELY
Elegantly beautiful, very feminine appearing, butch/bottom. Age 28, seeks femme/tops, preferably busty and long haired totally "lipstick and lace" oriented for mutually pleasing correspondence, meetings, and hopefully much more. Please, no marrieds. ☎ 1208.

ROMANCE / RELATIONSHIP

BISEXUAL WHITE CHICAGO AREA
Wanted: young funlover. Me: age 20, educated, pretty, feminine, oversexed, who likes everything feminine, including erotica. Photo. ✍ 820.
☎ 1209.

BIG BEAUTIFUL BLACK FEMALE MODEL
Honey brown skin, 59 1/2, seeks females who love big women for friendship and more. I enjoy adult toys, movies, and more. I am dominated into light b/d. No pain. You be clean, discreet, and a little submissive. Send photo, one phone number, one letter. ✍ 837. ☎ 1210.

ADDICTED TO SEX?
Don't go on Oprah—tell it to another well-adjusted deviant. Let's reinforce each other's bad habits. Picture will be drooled upon. ☎ 1211.

QUEER L.A. DYKE
Bored with L.A. talk and no action. I'm open to exploring and playing. Prefer androgynous queers who know how to play multiple roles and have mutual fun. Tell me about yourself. Be real. ☎ 1215.

LOVER OF OLDER WOMEN
24 year old GBF: financially secure, stable homebody. Likes long walks, cuddling and kisses. Looking for women of all nationalities between 30-42 for friendship possible lover. Send photo if possible. ☎ 1216.

FREE AT LAST...
East bay GWF, 33, recently released from a long term monogamous relationship, seeks new friends for thought provoking conversation and fun hot sex. No heavy s/m Your photo gets mine. ☎ 1217.

FEMINIST PACIFIST DYKE
Usually top, but open to occasional switching. With right sister, could probably live on vanilla. Seek penpals, friends, potential lover. Embarrassedly in closet for next year. 40, Anglo, non-smoker. Age, race open. Let's confabulate. ☎ 1218.

SEARCHING FOR REAL LOVE
Let's start out as good friends, and develop something beautiful, meaningful, and genuine. A real relationship is what I deserve. ☎ 1219.

TRANSSEXUAL / BISEXUAL WOMEN

CLOSETED "STRAIGHT" WOMAN WANTED
If your man has no idea of your real needs, write to this sympathetic soulmate. Repressed and horny is a real turn-on. Photograph appreciated in confidence. ☎ 1220.

TALK TO ME
Imaginative bisexual Bay area woman seeks hot & raucous companion for phone sex. Poetic & raunchy details a plus. Write with your best days & times for a date. ☎ 1221.

SISTERS OF MERCY
Loud-mouthed, obnoxious, over-educated, Bi pro-sex feminist, 28, ISO art-appreciating freethinkers for underground exploration and decadent clubbing. IQ over 120 and bad habits a plus. Washington, D.C. and Baltimore. ☎ 1222.

TRANSSEXUAL LESBIAN AGE 42
You saw my letter to the editor in last month's issue. I am still in the hospital now over 3 years. I need penpals. Will answer all letters, and questions. I am also looking for a life-partner. Interested? Please WRITE ✍ 838. ☎ 1223.

NEW TO THE SCENE
Curious, intelligent young woman wishes to correspond with lesbians & bisexuals. I'm a sociologist but also incredibly horny...write me. ☎ 1224.

ATLANTAN DESIRES MASCULINE BUTCH
Atlanta area, 34, attractive, GWF seeks MASCULINE BUTCH for romantic dates, companionship, erotic nights. I'm witty, fun loving, intelligent, open-minded. You're the same. AGE, RACE UNIMPORTANT. No alcoholism, drugs, dishonesty, head games. Phone number appreciated. ☎ 1206.

SANE, LIKE TO FUCK 'TIL RAW,
Yet Gentlemanly (in public) BUTCHES Please apply!! A friend and I (both femmes) are quickly becoming convinced that there are no good butches left. Can you prove this horrible theory wrong? We are into women over 30 (at least), intelligent (our degrees were in English and profs were our minor), toned bodies, and appreciative of real girls. I'm fair, cute, an extrovert in the Bay area. My friend is tanned, toned, and fun in the NYC area. We're both smart and like women of all races. Please present a different thesis! (We'll definitely help with the research.) ☎ 1207.

LOVE A BRAT?
Hot heavy womyn seeks playmates to write with or excite with. Am kinda butch, kinda femme. Almost anything goes! No pain, waste-substance-play, or substance abuse, please. Will answer any responses. ✍ 836. ☎ 1212.

DESPERATELY SEEKING DYKES
Where are all the beautiful dykes in El Paso? Let's go do it in the desert.
☎ 1214.

BOSTON NOW
Over-educated, work too much. Just got here, some bucks, finally. Green eyes, tall. Almost 30. Don't understand butch/femme but will do anything Susie Bright says. Need same, different. ☎ 1213.

Respond to a Sapphone Ad Right Now!
1-900-288-8002
From your touch-tone phone.
99¢ per minute • 18 and older

1 Press 1 to Respond to a Specific Ad.

2 Press 2 to Browse the Personals.

3 Press 3 for Tips on Using Sapphone.

4 Press 4 for Advertising Information.

NOTE: Sapphone provides voice mail service only. Letters and photo exchange arranged by responding to a ☎ Talk Box extension. We cannot accept or forward mail sent to a ☎ Talk Box extension.
Mail is only accepted for those ads accompanied by the ✍ Mailbox symbol. Write your reply and seal it in an envelope with: 1) your address at the top left corner; 2) her box number in the lower left corner, & 3) a first class stamp at the top right corner. Fold this envelope and place it in another envelope and send to:
On Our Backs Personals, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114

Sapphone
Respond to a Woman Right Now! 1-900-288-8002
From your touch-tone phone. 99¢ per minute • 18 and older

ON OUR BACKS Sapphone

BULLETIN BOARD

WESTERN SCENE MOTEL
You celebrated my 19th birthday with me. I have been searching for your name (and all it suggests). I have a photo of Victoria in a Golden Gown. Want more. ☎ 1225.

AMBER WHERE ARE YOU?!!!
Where the fuck are you, babe? Sadie misses you. I thought you moved to the Bay. Hey girl, call or write! You know where to find me. Your white-headed inspiration, Shar. ☎ 1226.

HEY WENDY! FROM URANUS!
We squeezed what we thought were transvestites' breasts on the dance floor Sunday, June 30th, remember? Didn't get a chance to get your number, drop me a line. Hope all's well with you, Carrie.☎ 1227.

"S/M" ACTIVITIES

REDHEADED TOP IN HOUSTON
Seeking willing lesbians wanting spankings, bondage, light s/m. Dildos, very personal doctor exams, "little girl" discipline, telephone fantasies, outdoor sex. Safe, confidentiality needed and given. Attractive, big redheaded woman, soft butch, blue eyes, 5'9", 180.☎ 1228.

SUBMISSIVE FEMME LONG HAIR
Into S/M. Looking for love, wants to meet women singles or lesbian couples. Can trade home videos. I like to be told what to do and how to do it, for how long. Will relocate for the right person or persons. Send me a note and a photo. ☎ 1229.

SWEET & SASSY
S/M undergrad has earned good (marks) in the past, now looking for higher education in the school of pain and sexual domination. Relationship possible. Take a chance. I'll be gentle. ☎ 1231.

CHICAGO AREA TOP WANTED!
Very responsive submissive 26, is into heavy corporal, bondage, fire and ice, fisting. I'm willing to experiment—are you? Also switches on occasion. ☎ 1232.

BUTCH/FEMME SWITCH
Are you eclectic? Is tickle torture & spanking a warm up? Heat up my hot L.A. nights. Will train right one. Safe, sane, consensual & sensual. Dominate me...Please! GF, 28, self-employed prof. ☎ 1233.

DADDY'S GIRL SOUGHT
L.A. Daddy seeks bright, bratty Daddy's girl for romance. Equal parts punishment and tenderness. Premium placed on warmth, loyality and an impudent attitude. L.A.-based, but frequent travel to S.F. ☎ 1234

DESPERATELY SEEKING KINKY NYMPH
Very bored, tall, classy, ultra femme brunette, brown-eyed professional fashion model, 25, with money to burn, seeks an attractive femme to spoil absolutely rotten. I live in L.A. but travel constantly for work and pleasure. The job requirement includes degrading and humiliating me by administering frequent golden showers. I need a hot, sexy vixen to give me the nasty wet punishment I deserve when I'm bad. I love hard rock, the ocean, working out and convertibles, and need a playmate to love, shop with and travel with at my expense. Glamour and money don't mean shit when you're sleeping alone. A once in a lifetime opportunity for the right girl. Photo and fantasy a must! ☎ 1230.

WILL TRAVEL / CORRESPONDENCE

SENSUAL FEMME
Oversexed femme seeks correspondence from femmes ages 20-30. All letters will be answered. Make me hot. ☎ 1235.

COUPLE SEEKS PEN-PALS
We're interested in hearing from you or the two of you...We are starved for information about "the life" from all over America. Want to share with us? Letter & photo's welcome! Peace! Mary & Beth. ☎ 1236.

TWO CROSS COUNTRY DYKES
Hot women, 27 & 31, fun-loving, blond and brunette, physically fit and politically incorrect seek friends and maybe more (female Only) as we travel across America. Interesting photo and letter are musts! ☎ 1237.

HORNY TRAVELER
GWF, 27, divorced, just out, horny and want to make up for lost time. Job related travel 50% time throughout U.S. and overseas. Would like girl in every port. If interested in occasional nights of passion write me. No drugs or pain. ✍ 835. ☎ 1238.

HELP WANTED
No experience! Use your imagination, write to me and tell me what you can do for me. ☎ 1239.

TWISTED IOWA BOTTOM
Fuck me through the mail. Tie me up, call me names, whip my clit and share me with your girlfriends. My sticky midwestern cunt is waiting for your literary fist. Can you satisfy me? ☎ 1240.

BERLIN
German dyke seeks penpal. I'm planning to come to the States for one year (and study computer science) in 92-93 and would like to know some lesbians beforehand. ☎ 1241. Please WRITE to ✍ 832.

Sapphone
Respond to a Woman Right Now!
1-900-288-8002
From your touch-tone phone.
99¢ per minute • 18 and older

HOW TO PLACE A Sapphone AD

Placing a personal ad for **The Sapphone** is free. You'll be able to retrieve the responses left on your private Talk Box extension for only 99¢ per minute.

To place an ad, fill out the personal ad order form (limit 35 words) and send it to **OOB Sapphone,** 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

Or call 415-861-4723 during normal business hours.

The Sapphone provides voice mail service only. We cannot accept or forward mail sent to a ☎ Talk Box Extension.

For your protection, we cannot print last names, addresses or telephone numbers. Advertisers must be 18 years or older.

Sapphone PERSONAL AD FORM

AD DEADLINE OCTOBER 1, 1991

HEADLINE _____ *(4 words max.)*
AD COPY _____ *(35 word limit)*

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY/ST/ZIP _____
SIGNATURE _____
DAYTIME PHONE _____

SEND TO: ON OUR BACKS SAPPHONE • 526 CASTRO, SAN FRANCISCO,CA 94114

CHOOSE YOUR CATEGORY

___ BUTCH/FEMME
___ TRANSEXUAL/ BISEXUAL WOMEN
___ ROMANCE/ RELATIONSHIP
___ S/M ACTIVITIES
___ WILL TRAVEL/ CORRESPONDENCE
___ BULLETIN BOARD

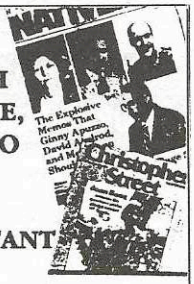
CLASSIFIEDS
ON OUR BACKS

PHOTOGRAPHY

Phyllis Christopher
PHOTOGRAPHY
415.824.7614
San Francisco

PUBLICATIONS

WE PUBLISH NOT ONE, BUT TWO OF THE MOST IMPORTANT GAY PUBLICATIONS IN AMERICA!



CHRISTOPHER STREET and THE NEW YORK NATIVE

$69 for 1 Year of Both ($94 Outside U.S.)
$27 for 1 Year of CS ($37 Outside U.S.)
$49 for 1 Year of NYN ($74 Outside U.S.)
$29 for 6 months of NYN ($42 Outside U.S.)

That New Magazine, Inc.,
PO Box 1475, Church St. Station,
New York, NY 10008

MAIL ORDER

STORMY LEATHER

LATEX
PVC
TOYS
etc...

1158 Howard
(btwn 7th & 8th)
San Francisco, CA
94103
415.626.1672
Or send $2
for catalog

A Women Owned Business

BOOKS & VIDEOS

Radical Sex Photos

High quality books of fine art photographs and revealing interviews. All genders and persuasions.

Sexual Magic: High energy, impressionistic photos of actual S/M sex scenes.

Sexual Portraits: Real people. S/M, erotic piercings, leather, lace, Master/slave, gender play ...

Each book $25, both $44. Shipping $2. CA residents tax $1.75 one, $3.00 both. Illustrated brochure $1, refundable with purchase. Shaynew Press Dept O, Box 11719 San Francisco CA 94101

COUNSELLING

LESLIE HALPERN

- Psychotherapy for Individuals and Couples.
- Expertise in working with women in the sex industry.

L.C.S.W. #II011929.
Insurance accepted.
In San Francisco
call (415) 441-5470.

Q: Where's the best place for sex?

LIBIDO

. . . . . *A: In your mind* . . . . . .

THE JOURNAL OF SEX AND SENSIBILITY. INTELLIGENT EROTICA FOR PEOPLE WHO THINK.

. . . . *Fiction, Photography* . . . .
. . . *Art, Humor, Poetry, Fun* . . .

Quarterly / $20 Sample / $6
(Outside U.S. / $30)
PO Box 146721, Dept. OOB
Chicago, IL 60614

FREE CATALOG

We specialize in lesbian and feminist jewelry in gold and silver.
Unusual and exciting designs.
Mention this ad.

Bandé designs

Bande Designs, 7102 Castor Ave.,
Philadelphia, PA 19149
(215) 742-9823

REVISED & EXPANDED FOR 1991

CALIFORNIA'S NUDE BEACHES
The Clothes-Free/Hassle-Free Guide

More than 100 spectacular naturist photos and up-to-date information on

- *NEW FREE BEACHES*
- *CLUBS & RESORTS*
- *TRAIL CONDITIONS*
- *COMMUNITY RESOURCES*
- *MAPS & DIRECTIONS*
- *LEGAL STATUS*
- *NUDE BEACH ETIQUETTE*
- *RECOMMENDED READING*

PLUS, an expanded section on **NUDE BEACH PHOTOGRAPHY!**

Available in major bookstores in June 1991 or to order by mail, send $12.95 plus $1.50 bookrate or $3.50 first class postage (CA residents add 91¢ tax) to: **Bold Type, Inc., P.O. Box 1984, Berkeley, CA 94701.**

For more info, call toll-free,
1-800-624-8433.

SUSAN O'DELL
A.C.S.W.
COUNSELING & PSYCHOTHERAPY

1422 West Thome
Chicago, IL 60660
312•262•7010

FUCK THE WELL OF LONELINESS

Tired of your inner child, "intimacy issues," and women-who-process-too-much? I'm flat but funny, 8.5 x 11. I lie by your bed—there's a good time between my covers. I'm **GIRLJOCK,** the quarterly lesbian humor adventure. SUBSCRIBE: $12.00/4 issues + stickers, sample copy $2.95 to: ROX-A-TRONIC, 2060 Third Street, Berkeley, CA 94710.

SOME OF THE HOTTEST TAPES FOR WOMEN
$39.95
cash, check or money order

Susy's Secrets

POBox 744
Trumbull, CT
06611

Send $1
for brochure
1-800-732-7521

Want To Show It Off?
Lesbian Exhibitionists

Fatale Video, the lesbian erotic video company, is looking for lesbian amateur video tapes. We'll buy your homemade X-Rated videos. For guidelines, please write to: **Fatale Video,** 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114. If you don't have a tape but would like to act in one, please send for a model application.

DEADLINE FOR JANUARY/FEBRUARY, 1992 ISSUE IS NOVEMBER 1, 1991

DISPLAY CLASSIFIEDS
ONLY $27
PER COLUMN INCH

	W/OUT LOGO	WITH LOGO
1"AD	7LINES	5LINES
2"AD	14LINES	10LINES
3"AD	21LINES	15LINES

Bold Headlines have 15 characters per line.

Plain Text has 30 characters per line.

Send to: OOB—Classifieds
526 Castro St, SF, CA 94114

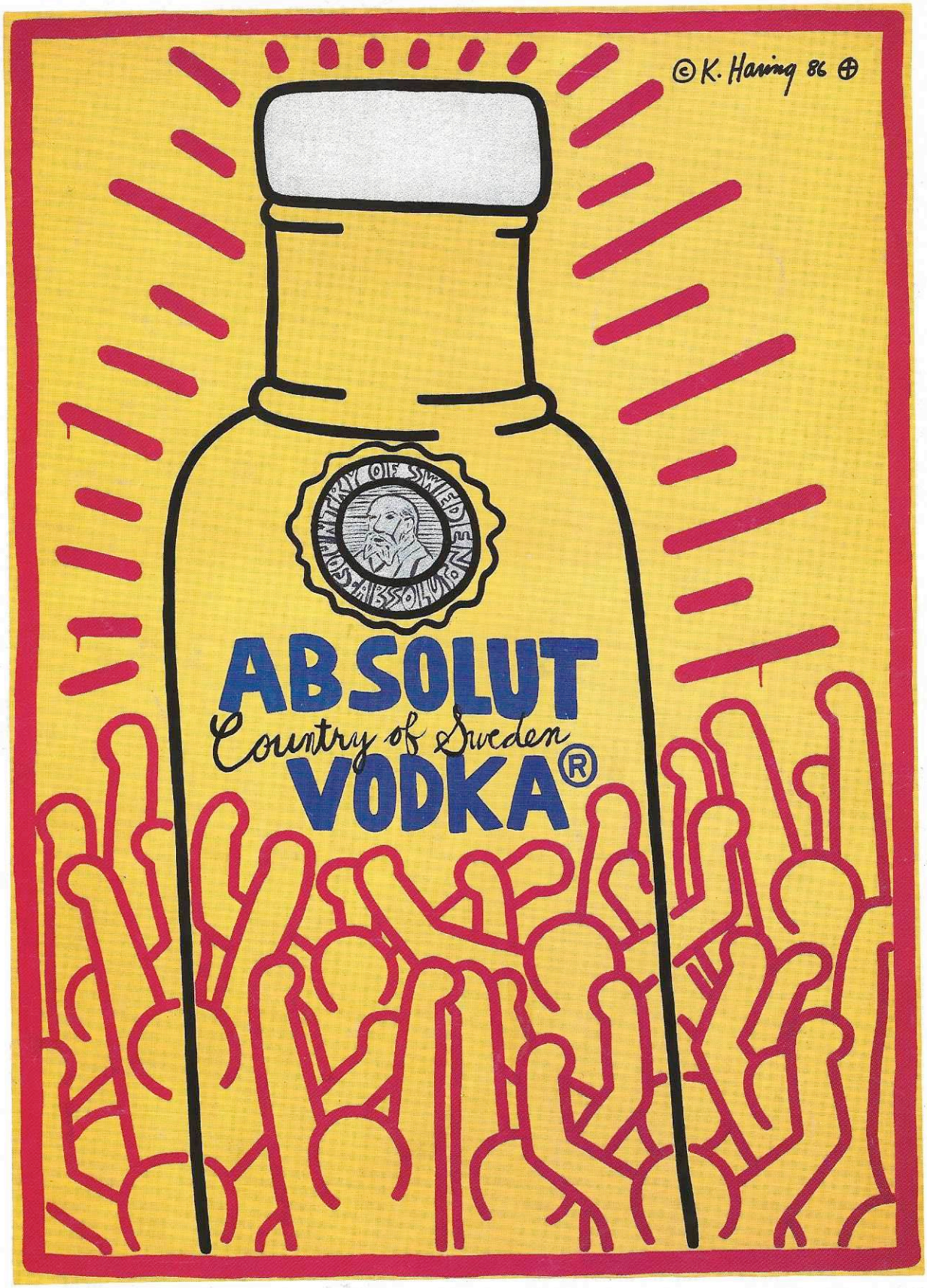
Along with payment:
Check/Money Order/VISA/MC

To charge your Ad - Include:
Card #, Exp. Date and Signature.

10 condoms, dams, finger cots, gloves and 5 lube packs in a soft black bag.

LOVE SEX. BE SAFE. USE THE KIT.

All for $19.95 ppd. Call 1 800 845 4617 or send check or MO to ON OUR BACKS LOVE KIT 526 Castro Street, SF CA 94114



ABSOLUT HARING.

A GIFT OF ABSOLUT® VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-243-3787. SORRY, POSTERS NOT AVAILABLE. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN.
40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ©1991 V&S. IMPORTED BY CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., TEANECK, NJ. © 1986 KEITH HARING.